

# ESCAPE

NUMBER 16

## GREED AND PANIC

CHARLES JENNINGS AND  
THE CONFIDENCE TRICK

## THE HORROR OF SECONDHAND BMW'S

ALEX THE INDEPENDENT MAN

## ALFRED

STATELY BRUCE WAYNE'S BUTLER

## GOLD AND SILVER FASHION

PAM HOGG BY CHRIS LONG

## UPWARDLY MOBILE SCULPTOR

MARVING! JIM HAMILTON

## PLUS INSIDER DEALERS

CARVING & HOBBS  
BROS. HERNANDEZ  
TED NEKEVER  
STEVEN ARPEY  
DORIAN BOLEAND  
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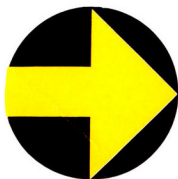
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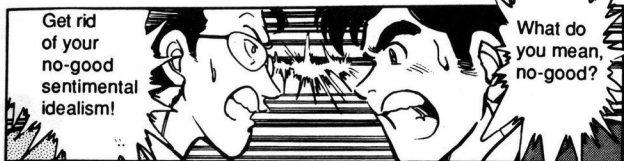


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# PLAN

To walk in money through the night crowd, protected by money, lulled by money, dulled by money, the crowd itself a money, the breath money, no least single object anywhere that is not money, money, money everywhere and still not enough, and then no money or a little money or less money or more money, but money, always money, and if you have money or you don't have money it is the money that counts and money makes money, but what makes money make money?

Henry Miller, *Tropic of Capricorn*



### WITH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM:

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With thanks to Igor Goldkind in time of Crisis

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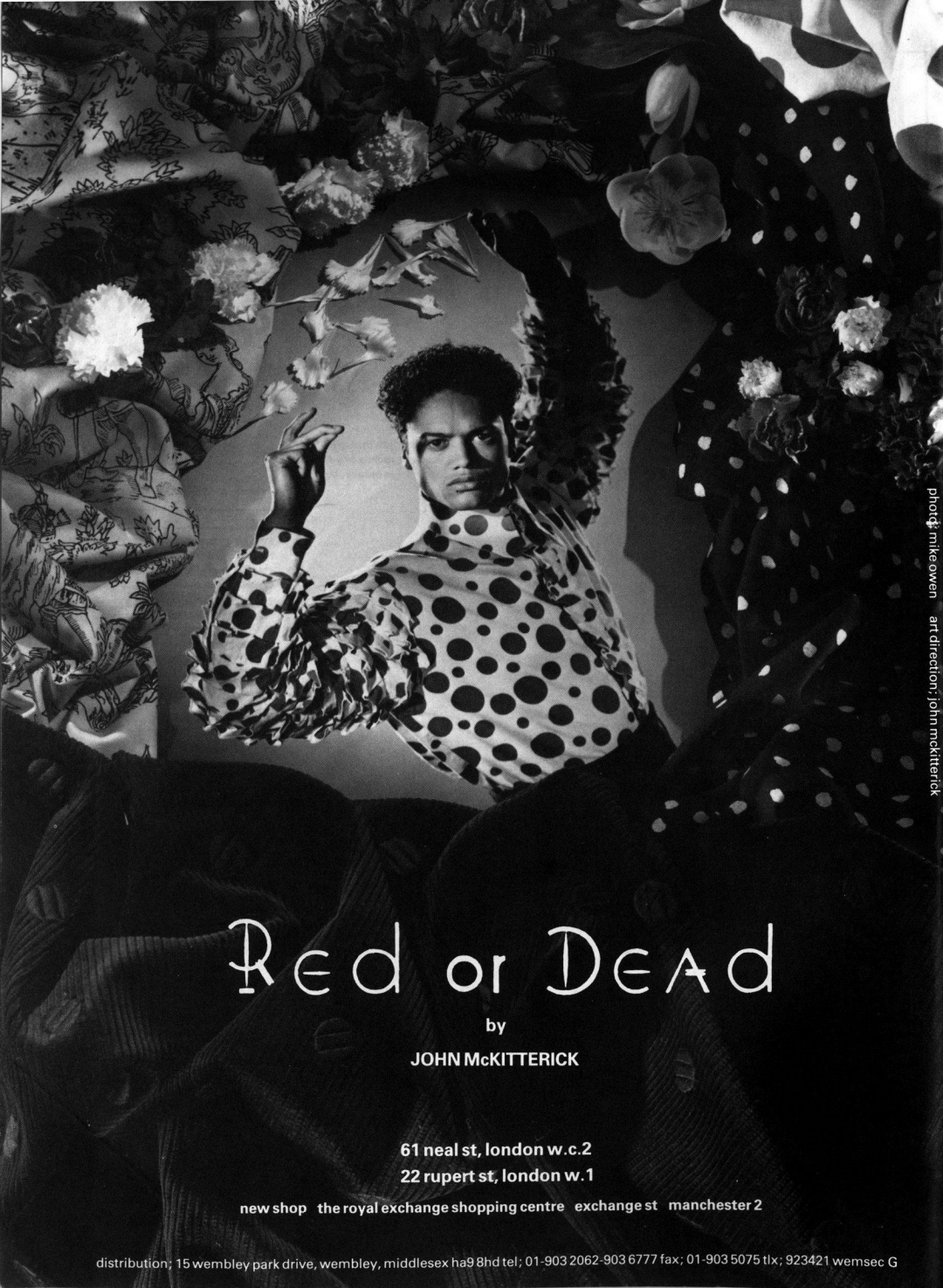


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# Red or Dead

by

JOHN MCKITTERICK

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# GREED AND PANIC

**The City, 'dense with frightful young people, unreconstructed toffs, moral black spots'; Charles Jennings examines how it copes with the elemental force of money gone mad**



IN THE SURFACE, THE CITY'S NEW SELF is a nexus of creativity, technology, reasoned action. Underneath, it's greed and panic. It reacts rather than rules. It's a place for the world's money to rampage through; you can't do anything about international finance, it seems, except herd bits of it loosely in the direction you'd like them to go. The rest is hope. And if the stock markets crash, if currencies collapse, if bond issues disintegrate and multinational companies turn out to have been run by crazed speculators, then the City can do no more than find a way of dealing with it, after the event.... It was never in control, even while it was reorganizing itself throughout the Eighties. It was engaged in a self-contradiction: a reorganization that ran riot.

We fix our gaze monotonously on the City; the City struggles to confirm that everything is, in fact, going to plan. There are two acts of faith here. The City tries to believe that it can come to terms with the new world it has somehow embraced; and we grapple with the idea that the City is our new North Sea Oil – a great hidden resource, a thing which brings in money we never thought we'd get. The problem is that while North Sea Oil is inert and unexceptionable, the City is dense with frightful young people, unreconstructed toffs, moral black spots. To think that we owe billions and billions of pounds of revenue to people like Giles, the 'Rat Of Blind Date', or to Jake Todd, the doomed toff in *Serious Money*...

And what increases our unease, is our certainty that the City doesn't know best how to run itself and yet will fall apart if we tamper with it too much. There's alchemy in the City, which legislators can destroy with one fatuous bill before Parliament. Meddle with us, the City assures us, and no matter how inept we may be now, we'll be even worse once you've finished. Despite its evident incompetence, we can have the City, and the wealth it supplies, only on its terms.

The crash did change the nature of his trust. The world's envy now alternates with a kind of hungry condensation. There was an outbreak of gloating in the papers and on television. 'Dealing Forms A Death Blow', said the *Evening Standard*. 'How Fear Came',

chuckled the *Spectator*. Yet we can't afford to mock too strenuously. So here we are locked into a bond of dependence, even though the crash had made the City look even sillier and more dangerous, and even though there were still too many overpaid yung men with vulgar habits spending our money for us, tampering with our jobs, calling the shots in ways we couldn't even imagine.

And the City is locked into its new world. We look in anxiously at the City, and the City, with increasing nervousness, looks out. The City likes to make jokes; this is a sign of its nervousness. Some of its jokes are plain yob jokes, jokes made by crass men everywhere. Demon Keith's boss told him this joke, once: 'There are three women applicants for a job as my secretary. The first has five years' experience and good word processing skills. The second has seven years' experience and speaks French. The third is bilingual in English and Japanese, has shorthand, terrific word processing and great references. Which one do I pick? The one with the biggest jugs!' It hurts Demon Keith to recount this one, but he recognises its fatheaded purity. 'I like it', a stockbroker said. 'It's got plenty of jissom.' Here's another: 'What's the difference between a Eurobond and a Eurobond dealer? A Eurobond matures.'

'These jokes go all around the world,' said a dealer excitedly. 'You post a joke off to Wall Street, it comes back a year via Tokyo. It's the comradeship of the markets.' Other jokes reflect deeper anxieties. 'What's the difference between an equities dealer and a pigeon? A pigeon can still put a deposit on a Porsche....' 'Why's it better to have AIDS than a part-paid BP share? Because at least there's a chance of getting rid of AIDS!'

And so on. You make jokes, awful, execrable, offensive, witless jokes, all the time. You share the same imprisonment, while the arbitrary terrors of the money business sweep across your dealing screen or your slog heaps of information. And there's no simple way out, unless your firm sacks you, or you go to prison. The rest of the country is now watching you, the police are watching you, the Securities and Investments Board is watching you, your directors are watching you....

City people aren't monsters. They generally don't devote their working lives to a scam, like Boesky, or Dennis Levine. But they do live in a cloud of dangerous knowledge. Often, there is no difference between insider information and information you merely happen

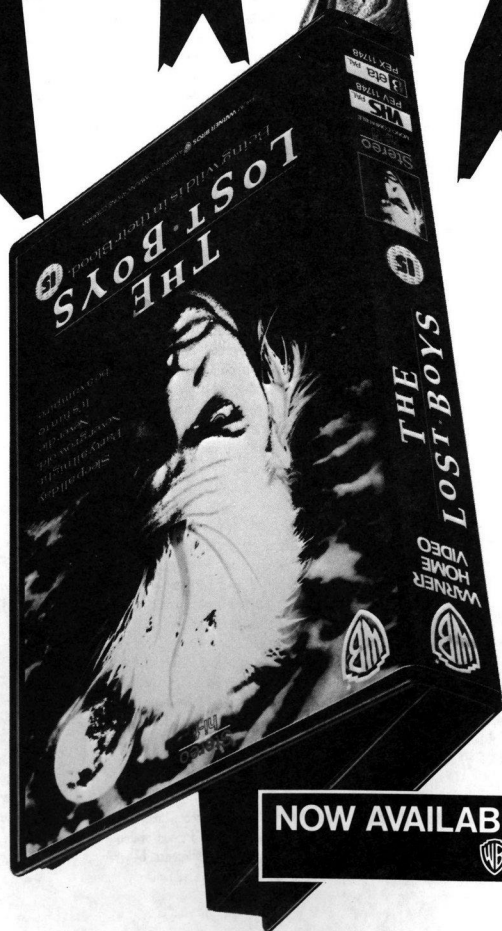
to get before anyone else. Circumstance decides what it might be. So what do you do? Insider trading has been called, wonderfully, the victimless crime. As J.K. Galbraith observes about embezzlement, for the period in which the embezzler has his gain, and in which the person who has been embezzled is unaware of his loss, there is an overall increase in psychic wealth. Insider trading nearly fits this description. The final loss suffered by the company shareholders who aren't insider dealing is so hard to quantify, that there might as well be no loss at all. The fact is, though, that one person has used his position to the disadvantage of others. It's no less fraudulent than the crime of using a computer to thief minute percentages from bank accounts. The wrong is still there, an outsider will argue, even if it's painless.

But in the City, you can talk about the victimless crime. You can dabble with this sordid contradiction in terms. City people work to increase the wealth of their clients. That's the fundamental good. Does it make you a bad person if that's the fundamental good of your working life. Well, not bad – just different. City people work with the essences of capitalism. The City is a home to the international capitalist impulse stripped bare, the elemental force of money which races around the world from Tokyo to London to New York. If you're against the City, then you are against capitalism itself. You can't be bothered with domestic scruples in the face of the spirit of international capitalism. Seelig, Roson, Collier – some people go too far, it's true. But the rest of the City understands that this force of money compels you, as in war, to shelve that everyday part of yourself which contributes to Oxfam and goes to church, and worries about discipline in your child's school.

.... 'Damnit,' blurts out the City Old Boy. 'We have enough trouble on our hands working the battery pens and saving our multinational money combines from bleeding to death after the crash. We have plenty to do, just coping with the elemental force of money which goes mad; we have to cope with this thing. And we still have the Yankees and the Japanese breathing in our faces. We don't have time for rules.'

Taken from *The Confidence Trick* by Charles Jennings, published by Hamish Hamilton, £12.95.





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# Acid House Honcho

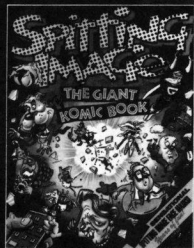
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I thought I'd been lucky. Alex, twenty-five year old high-finance whiz kid, had managed to squeeze me into his day planner for a fifteen minute tête-à-tête over continental breakfast in a City coffee house. He was a bit shocked by the absence of a full film crew, but soon over it, he bagged a window table, where everyone could see him and furnished me with a copy of his CV, expecting me to be fully familiar with it. But no sooner had the coffee arrived, than his portable phone went off. Alex manoeuvred over to where the most impressionable people were sitting to 'get perfect reception' and, after a very loud conversation about some million-dollar deal, he rushed out of the restaurant, heading for a top-level meeting.

So much for the interview. As luck would have it though, Alex's cartoon chroniclers Charles Peattie and Russell Taylor, freelancers for *The Independent*, happened to be in a corner sharing a croissant. Of course, Alex hadn't invited them along (their suits weren't expensive enough), but if anyone could tell me about Alex, they could.

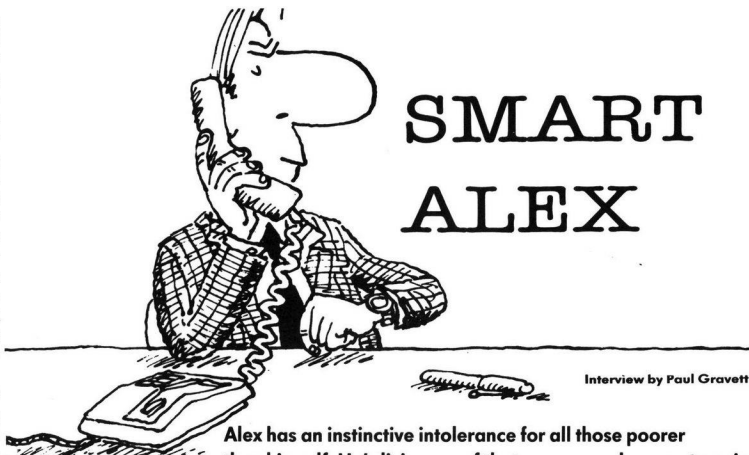
Russell: Alex really shows people how to get on with life, doesn't he? His boss and role model Rupert is showing him the ropes. All Alex needs is a bit more money – he's got all the right attitudes. He doesn't have any problems with authority – but then Alex doesn't have any problems with anything. About the worst thing that ever happened to him is having to fly economy class on a business trip.

How has Alex survived the crash?

Charles: He's come out of it pretty well. He went into it rather short and made a few bob. And there's little danger of him being sacked. An awful lot of people would have to go before they got to him, including his colleague Clive, who he'd throw to the wall at a moment's notice. There are advantages after the crash – there are less people with his kind of money around. But what does upset him is the number of cheap second hand BMW's on the market. God knows what class of person is buying them!

Can't you also buy phoney car phones, made purely to impress people?

R: Yes, and there's a company in the States that sells fake pagers. They look real but you set them off yourself. Some very rich man with a yacht on the Mediterranean ordered sixty of these fake pagers and was asked why he wanted so many. Apparently, he used to entice young ladies aboard for a champagne supper all alone at night. Then at some stage in the evening, he'd set his fake pager off and say, 'Oh damn! and throw



Interview by Paul Gravett

**Alex has an instinctive intolerance for all those poorer than himself. He's living proof that money can buy you happiness**

it into the sea, and say, 'Darling, tonight, I only want to hear from you!'. That must be one of the great chat up lines of all time.

Tell me about Alex's childhood.

C: He had a very good stable upbringing, they were terribly nice to him and spoiled him rotten, but he hates them, with a bitterness we can't explain. He even left his grandad outside a restaurant because he didn't have a tie on. The only disturbing childhood experience we know he had was with his brother, who once dressed up Alex's Action Man toy in Sindy doll knickers. We reckon that turned him, because the next morning he woke up and decided he wanted to be a merchant banker – previously he'd wanted to be a pirate or something. The rest is a mystery.

Did Alex go and see *Serious Money*?

R: Yes, but I don't know if he actually looked in on the play. He was too busy talking to other stockbrokers in the theatre bar about how much he'd paid the ticket touts for the seats.

Do you have any contacts in the City?

R: Yes, a few. It's very hard to get them to give us any useful information though.

Because if you say 'What's been happening?', they immediately think of one of two things: either 'God, if I say anything, it'll be used in the strip and I'll be in real trouble and my boss'll sack me!'; or they think they must provide us with a ready-made gag, which is usually extremely boring. I think there are only four City jokes. That's why they like the strip, they probably use our jokes.

C: They do. Somebody was saying to me how they were in a restaurant and all these bores round another table were misquoting Alex jokes to each other. When we started it, we thought City types were all old school tie. They were for a long time but it's definitely changed to a more international style meritocracy. The old school tie still exists, but the pressures of having to make money and compete with America and Japan mean that a lot of those people who thought they were going to have a nice safe job all their life and wouldn't have to do very much other than go out to lunch, are finding that it's not such a cushy option. The people making a lot of money now come from all sorts of backgrounds, traders and moneybrokers, these really hard cases from Essex. They don't give a monkeys about

things the brokers are precious about, like art or culture. In fact, they probably don't care much about anything, and just go down to the dog races and get absolutely slammed.?

So are you anti-yuppy?

C: We're in a weird position where it's interpreted to our advantage by different people. As far as Russell and I are concerned, it's hard to feel that aggrieved about someone who's got a portable telephone. It's just a bit prattish! It's the same with the money. Now and then I get a flash of what I might have felt, say as a student, at the total social injustice of it, but it's so all-pervasive, that it's hard to stay seriously mad about it all the time.

R: I realised today that we would actually really like a BMW, but we can never have one, can we? Because Alex is really an outsider's strip, and if we had a BMW, we'd realise how incredibly nice it is to have one and we'd start thinking, 'Hey, there's nothing wrong with these people!'

**The Unabashed Alex** is published by Penguin, £3.50. The first Alex collection was published last year by Heinemann, £4.95. Alex appears in *The Independent*.

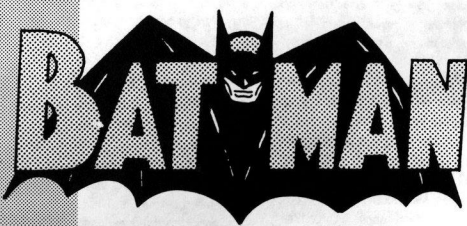




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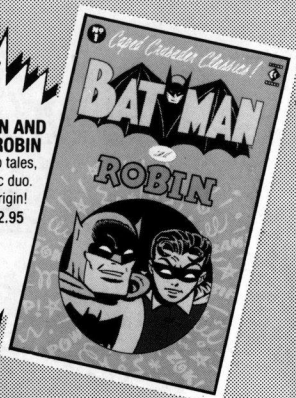
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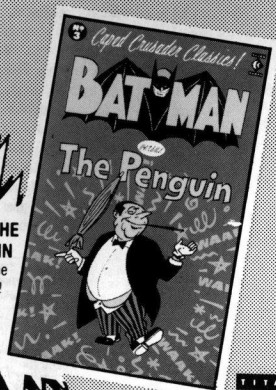
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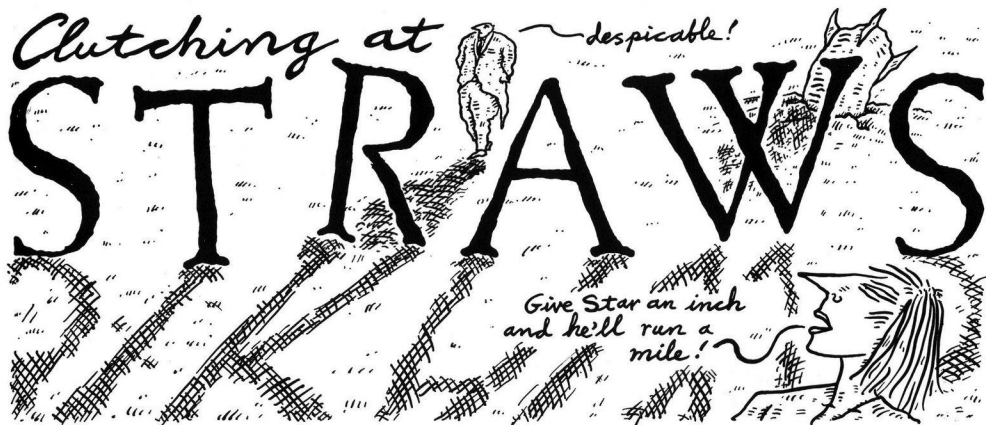
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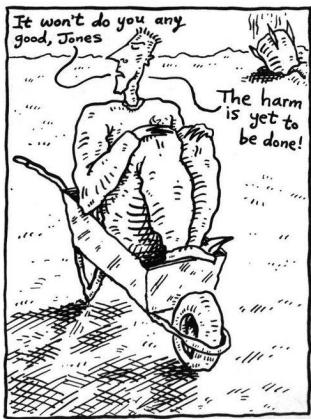
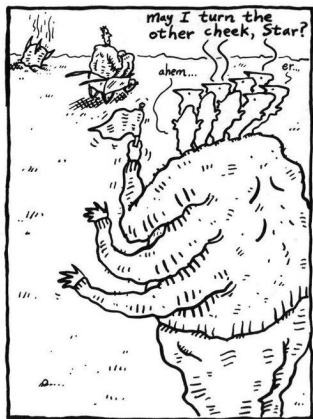


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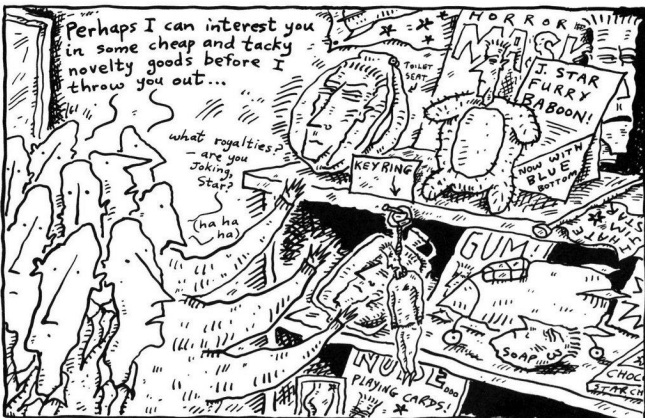
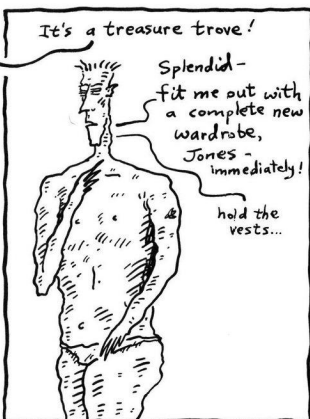
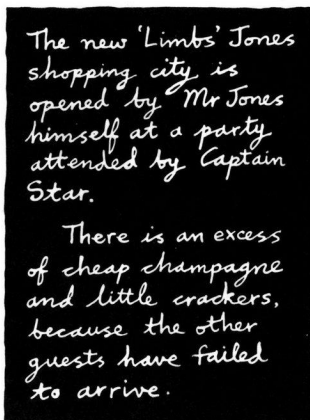
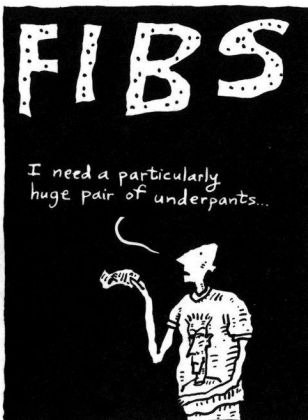
First Officer Scarlett, Navigator Black and Atomic Engine Stoker 'Limbs' Jones throw flowers and watch as the Captain - way out of his depth - is ducked by Fate in the Pool of Life...







another part.

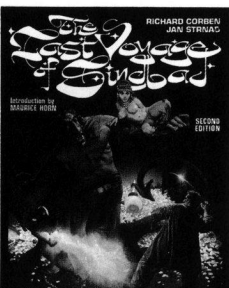


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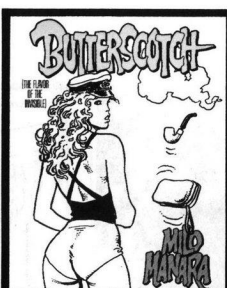


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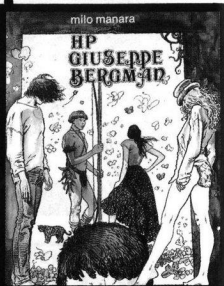
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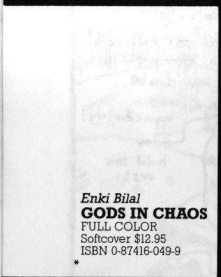
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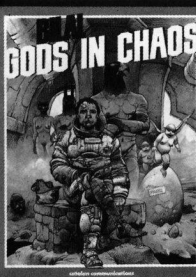
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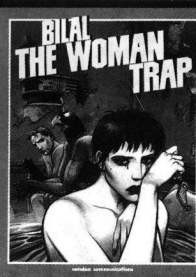
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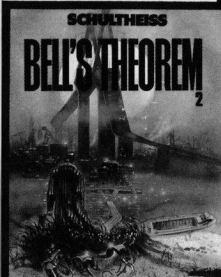
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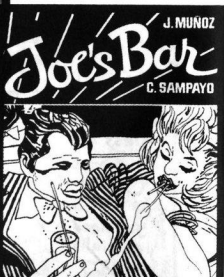
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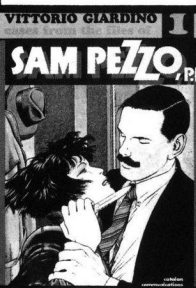
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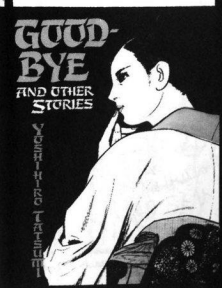
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Adam 'Batman' West, Burt 'Robin' Ward, Julie 'Catwoman' Newmar — almost the entire cast from the cult *Batman* TV show were reunited for a party at the Los Angeles nightclub, The Stock Exchange. None of them had turned up in costume, however — apart from Alan Napier, the British actor who played Batman's butler Alfred. Not that he had dressed the part deliberately; the look was simply his own natural elegant English style.

After his grounding in serious theatre at RADA and on the West End stage, Napier winged off to Hollywood in 1939, where he played British character parts, usually butlers or noble lords, in dozens of films such as *The Invisible Man Returns*, *The Uninvited*, *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* and *Marmie*. With this movie pedigree, he was the ideal choice for TV's most famous butler, who tended to 'stately Wayne Manor' from 1965-67. He was born in Birmingham in 1903, but California had been his home for almost fifty years, when he died there on August 8th 1988 at the age of eighty-five.

Also at that LA Bat-party earlier this year was producer John Gore, who was putting the finishing touches to his *Batman* stage show to raise money for Great Ormond Street Hospital. John served Alan Napier a Martini and talked with him about his role as the acerbic Batmanservant to millionaire playboy Bruce Wayne.

I've done very little acting in recent years. I did a few television shows. I don't know why they didn't employ me more. I could have used the money!

Didn't you act with Laurence Olivier in *Richard III*?

I did, but not in the film with Larry. There was a *Richard III* stage production and I played Edward. I did play Shakespeare with Olivier and John Gielgud in a great stage production of *Romeo and Juliet*, where they alternated in the part of Romeo and I was the Prince of Verona. Alec Guinness was in it too — he wasn't famous yet. It was a great cast — and I

saved it! Actors who have not had stage experience miss something. That extraordinary man William Shakespeare said everything better than anyone else. Really amazing. I was thinking of *Macbeth* in bed the other night. You know, you're impoverished if you're merely been a movie actor, where they don't pay you for acting, they pay you for being yourself. I hate being myself. And a propos that, Batman's butler isn't anything like Alan Napier at all. I had to invent somebody sane in this wilderness of lunacy. (Looking over at Julie Newmar) You know, she's nearly as tall as me!

Yes, I took her shopping in London last week and everyone's head was turning.

Yes, I was the tallest actor in the world for many years. I'm six foot five. Then I met an actor — I forget his name — who said he was six foot seven. Who wants to be, anyhow? I've spent my whole life pretending that I'm a nice looking fellow of six foot!

Do you ever wish you could go back to England?

Of course, I've been back many, many times, but no. My life has been a mixture of luck and good fortune. I happened on a little house over here on the coast, the most beautiful sight in the world. I bought this house for \$6,750 and I've lived there for fifty years. So it's my home — my little dog lives there with me.

Have you got your own butler now? That was one of Adam West's jokes!

No, no. He had the wrong idea of what a butler really is. He's a cellar-man, he has the keys to the liquor, as in 'bottle'. I never knew what Alfred's jobs were. They were never delineated in the script at all. I just knew he had to be sane and agreeable in this wilderness of lunacy.

Presumably he had the keys to the Batcave? Did you enjoy it when you had to dress up as Batman or in the *Ali-Cycle*? I enjoyed it all, I must say. I said to myself, 'What on earth are you doing here? You who have played the Prince of Verona



## THE UNIQUE BAT-BUTLER

**An actor and a gentleman, Alan Napier will always be remembered for the long-suffering Alfred**

**Interview by John Gore**

with Larry? And I said, 'I'm having a jolly good time and they're paying me well!' I wish I could come over and see your production.

Yes, the *Batman* TV series has had a terrific response. In England, they've shown in for the first time in fifteen years in the mornings. People are fanatical about them, as they were in the Sixties. England had more of a craze than the States.

Yes, it was an inspired combination of wit and complete lunacy. He was a clever man, Bill Dozier. And from the actors' point of view, he was a blessing, because he didn't interfere with anything. He hired me and said 'Do it'.

So you weren't directed — you directed yourself?

Yes, we had many different script-writers and Alfred turned out quite different

week after week. I just played him as a combination of intelligence and good humour.

Julie says a lot of things were not rehearsed. You'd just shoot straight onto the camera. Did you find that difficult or did it help the style of it?

It gave it a certain freshness and we weren't exactly playing Shakespeare!

But you had to act it?

Many of us had been actors. Because I differentiate between performers on the television and genuine actors who want to appear as somebody else other than themselves. And 'personalities' who want to do no acting at all, but just want to 'Be me!'. Alfred certainly wasn't Alan Napier. But it was Alan Napier who invented Alfred.

**ALFRED IN BAT-GUISE WITH  
CHIEF O'HARA**





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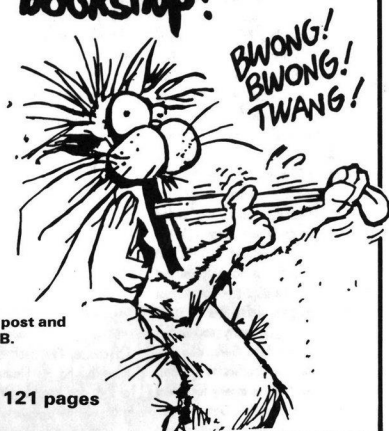
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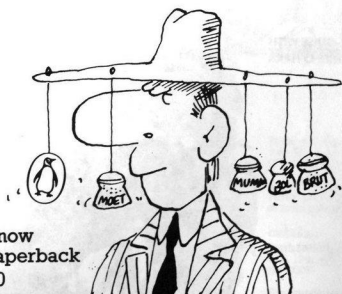
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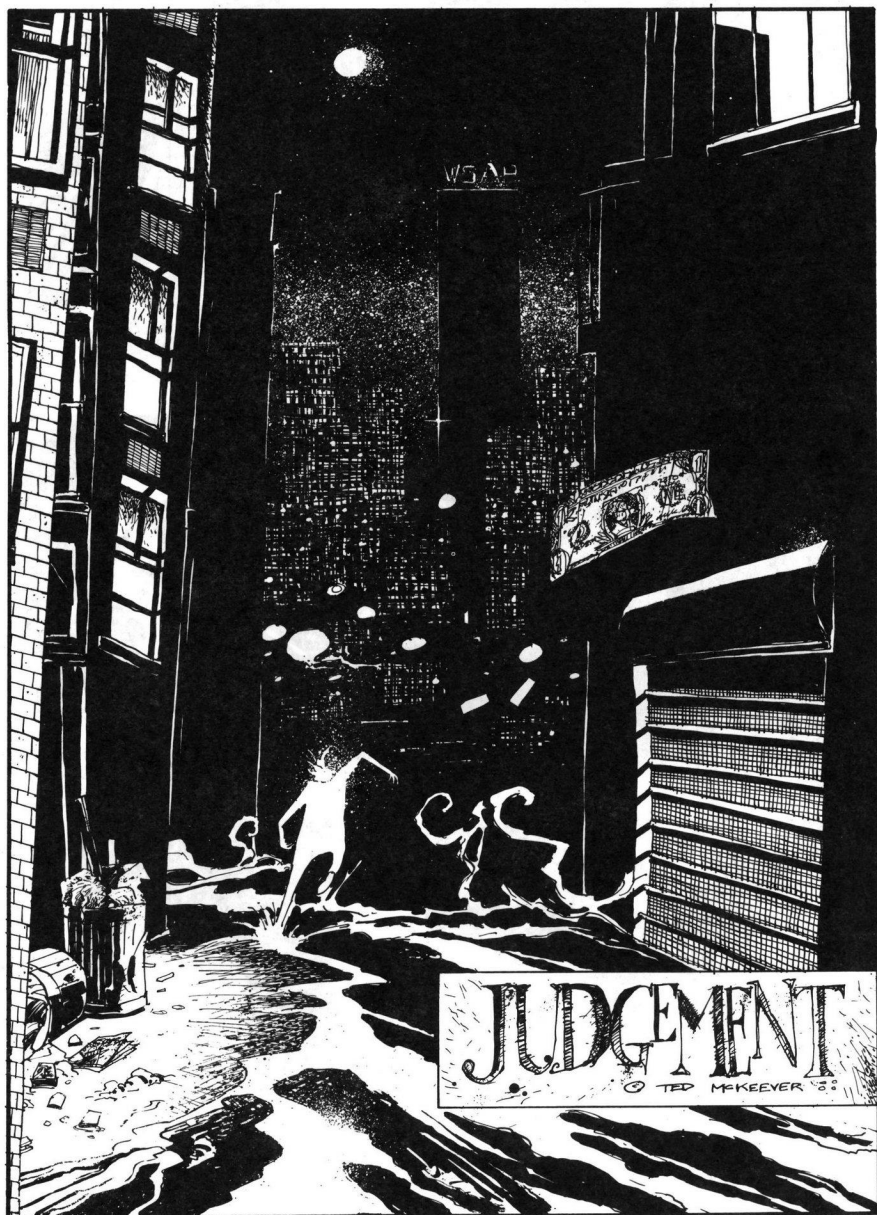
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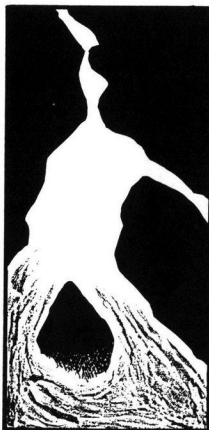


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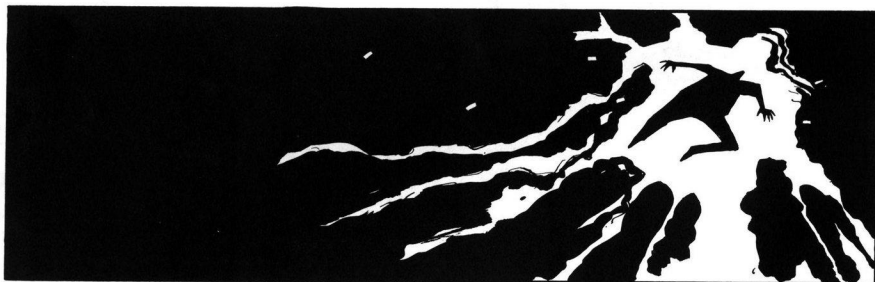
...don't be seen without one.

What will you do ye sinners, and where will you fly in the day of judgement,  
When you shall hear the words of the prayer of the righteous?





In those days shall the prayers of the righteous come up before the Lord.  
When the day of your judgement shall arrive; and every circumstance  
of your iniquity be related before the great and the holy One;



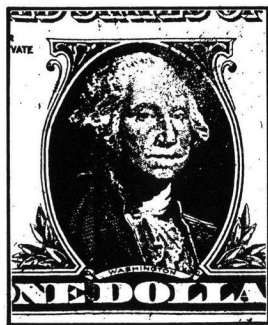
Your faces shall be covered with shame; while every deed,  
strengthened by crime, shall be rejected.





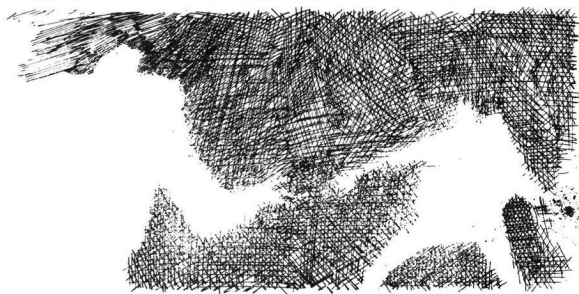
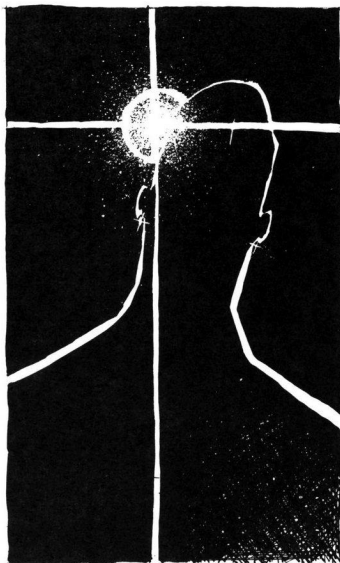


Woe unto you, sinners, who in the midst of the sea, and on dry land, are those against whom an evil record exists. Woe to you who squander silver and gold, not obtained in righteousness, and say, We are rich, possess wealth, and have acquired everything which we can desire. Now then will we do whatsoever we are disposed to do; for we have amassed silver; our barns are full, and the husbandmen of our families are like overflowing water.





Like water shall your falsehood pass away, for your wealth will not be permanent, but shall suddenly ascend from you, because you have obtained it all iniquitously; to extreme malediction shall you be delivered up. Erudition therefore and wisdom are not theirs. Thus shall they perish, together with their riches, with all their glory, and with their honours;



Woe to you who love the deeds of iniquity. Know that you shall be given up into the hands of the righteous; who shall cut off your necks, slay you, and show you no compassion.



Woe to you who rejoice in the trouble of the righteous; for a grave shall not be dug for you.  
 Woe to you who frustrate the word of the righteous; for to you there shall be no hope of life.  
 To them there shall be no peace; but they shall surely die suddenly.



-Enoch Chap. XCVI.



# COINCIDENCE ?

WITH WORDS BY:  
BUDDY STARCHER

This is a strange but true story which proves that history **DOES** repeat itself, for the events I am about to disclose to you happened just **100 YEARS APART!**



President Lincoln was elected in 1860. President Kennedy was elected in 1960. **100 YEARS APART!**

Both were shot from behind in the head!



Their successors, **BOTH NAMED JOHNSON**, were southern democrats with seats in the Senate. Andrew Johnson was born in 1808. Lyndon Johnson was born in 1908. **100 YEARS APART!**



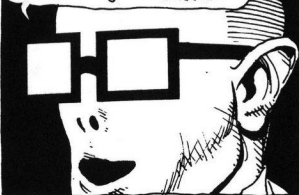
John Wilks Boothe, the man that shot Lincoln, was born in 1839. Lee Harvey Oswald, the man that shot Kennedy, was born in 1939. **100 YEARS APART!**



Boothe and Oswald were both assassinated before going to trial. Both presidents' wives lost children (through death) while in the White House. Both Presidents were killed on a Friday, and in the presence of their wives!



President Lincoln's secretary, whose name was **KENNEDY**, advised him not to go to the theatre. President Kennedy's secretary, whose name was **LINCOLN**, advised him not to go to Dallas!



John Wilks Boothe shot Lincoln in a theatre and ran to a warehouse. Lee Harvey Oswald shot Kennedy from a warehouse and ran to a theatre!



The names **LINCOLN** and **KENNEDY** each contain **7 LETTERS!**

The names **ANDREW JOHNSON** and **LYNDON JOHNSON** each contain **13 LETTERS!**

The names **JOHN WILKS BOOTHE** and **LEE HARVEY OSWALD** each contain **15 LETTERS!**



And **FRIENDS**, it **IS** true!

History **DOES** repeat itself!

Thankyou!

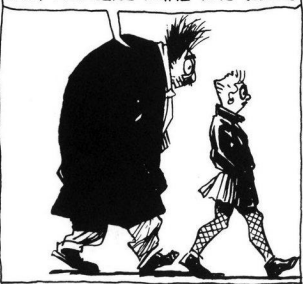


WEIRD

AMAZING COINCIDENCE..



..MY MOTHER'S NAME WAS WILKS



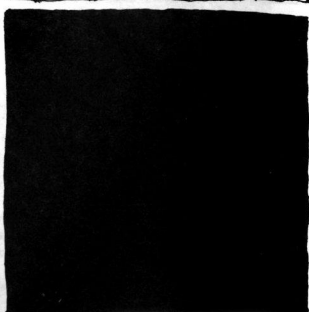
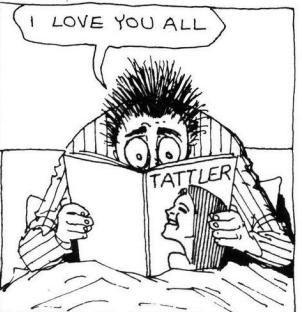
..WELL, WILKINS, ANYWAY.



THAT'S AMAZING!

# GOODNIGHT

BOLLAND 15-6  
87





# ARTICLES

EDITED BY LOUISE TUCKER

## 1 BLISTERING BARNACLES!

Marlinspike Hall, Captain Haddock's family estate in *Tintin*, is up for sale – or a limited edition cardboard version devised by King & Carton of Brussels. Buy your own stately home, \$55 from: Pilot, 34 Floral Street, WC2.

## 2 THE MADCAP WORLD OF BILL THE CAT

Opus the Penguin and eight-year-old Binkley, complete with anxiety cupboard, should need no introduction to those of you lucky enough to have read Berke Breathed's Pulitzer Prize-winning strip in the USA. British readers only came in on *Bloom County* via *The Guardian*, and from the letters pages of that august organ some were, to say the least, confused by the whole thing. But the newspaper persevered with its second American strip and now it seems to have become accepted, perhaps even understood. If you missed the earlier strips, *Bloom County Babylon, Five Years of Basic Naughtiness*, £6.95 from John Brown Publishing, fills in lots of gaps about character backgrounds. It also exposes Breathed's ability to be astoundingly unfunny some days, but the standout moments include: the Banana 6000 personal computer and the *Bloom County* menagerie, with the help of wheelchair-bound Cutter John, creating their own version of *Star Trek*. –John Freeman

**WIN!** He's hot, he's hip, he's HAIRY! We have FIVE belligerent bug-eyed Bill the Cats to be won by the first five readers to write in with the titles of Billy and the Boingers' two hit singles (see page 40 for details). Thirtpt!

**3 GET THE FACTS** on George Bush, Oliver North and cronies in this boxed set of thirty-six *Iran-Contra Scandal Trading Cards*. Salim Yaqub's searing caricature paintings are backed up with bios by Paul Brancato. \$8.95-£4.95 Eclipse

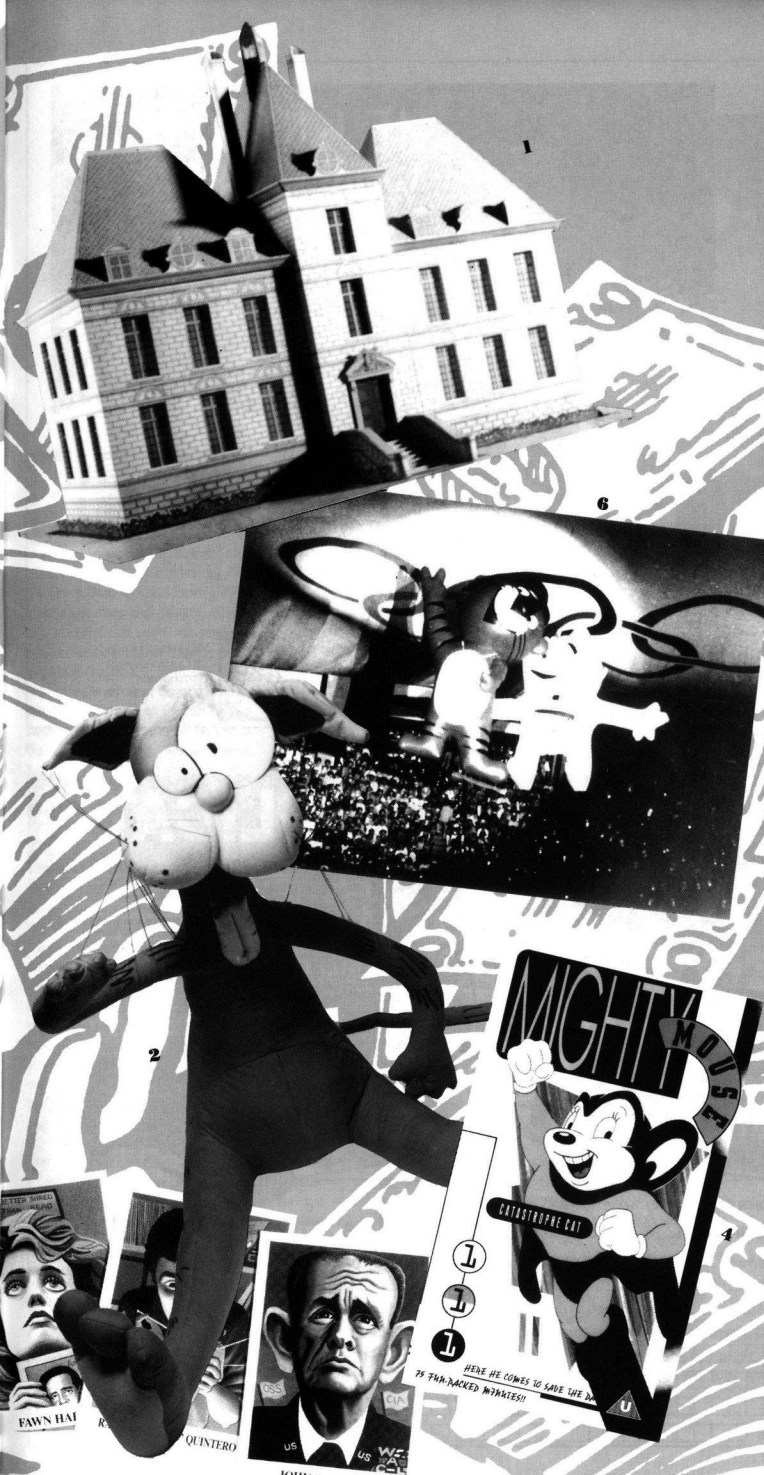
**4 'HERE HE COMES TO SAVE THE DAY!'** *The New Adventures of Mighty Mouse* has been the wildest show on American Saturday morning TV since Pee-wee's Playhouse, as frantic as Tex Avery or Jay Ward with satires of everything from Schwarzenegger and *The Flintstones* to 2001 and Dali. The cheese-loving Champion of Justice has been re-animated by Ralph Bakshi, notorious for his X-rated *Fritz the Cat* movie. He's rounded up Hollywood's best young cartoon mavericks and let them run riot. The result? The most warped TV animation fun in years, now out on five *Mighty Mouse* tapes from Palace



BACKGROUND ILLUSTRATION  
FROM THE JOKER'S MILLIONS'  
DRAWN BY DICK SPRANG  
FROM BATMAN vs THE JOKER







**WIN!** We have FIVE copies of the first collection, 'Catastrophe Cat'. To win a copy, write in with the name of Mighty Mouse's one true love (see page 40 for details). It's *that* simple!

**5** 'I AM NOT A NUMBER! I AM A FREE MAN!' In the slick superspy Sixties of *Bond* and *U.N.C.L.E.*, Patrick McGooan's defiant Number Six in *The Prisoner* stood out in his struggle for individual identity against The Village's deceptive psychological warfare. The TV series' fantasy paranoia became closer to reality after Watergate in the Seventies, and now in the *Spycatcher* Eighties, *The Prisoner* is more timely than ever. Dean Motter, of *Mister X* fame, is behind the authorised sequel, a four-book series for DC Comics. It's not the first try at a *Prisoner* comic. In 1978 Marvel had two proposals, one by Steve Engelhart & Gil Kane, the other by Jack Kirby. But this is the first to see print. Or almost, as the Six of One *Prisoner* fan club just published a graphic album for members only (£10 a year from PoBox 66, Ipswich IP2 9TZ). *Theirs* suffers from too much photo-reference and fan reverence; Motter's version has more class (spot the *Escape* T-shirt in No. 1!) and more ambitions, but has more to lose. Read it by the glow of your 'Astro' Lamp, in gleaming copper with a choice of ruby, amber or topaz gloom, £19.72, including postage, from: Crestworth Ltd, Sterte Avenue, Poole, Dorset BH15 2BD.

**6** COBI THE DOG, the controversial modernist mascot for the 1992 Barcelona Olympics, is a radical break with cute n' cuddly tradition and was unveiled at the Seoul Games' spectacular closing ceremonies. Designed by brilliant 'naïve' Spanish multi-media maverick Javier Mariscal, Cobi (right) joined Korea's Hodari the tiger high above the stadium.

**7** COFFEE TABLE BOOK OF THE MONTH: The Royal College of Art has groomed many of the UK's most innovative illustrators and to fanfare this twenty-five year RCA record, comes *Breakthrough*, fat with inserts like Captain Star cards, screenprints, Canon xeroxes and a John Watson miniature, awesomely packaged by The Thunderjockeys. Only 1,500 copies, £20 from the RCA Bookshop: 01-589 1790

**ON SHOW:** Step inside *Leviathan*, at the Leeds City Art Gallery till Dec. 31st, in which John Hyatt from cult band The Three Johns combines an original soundtrack with seventy of his paintings, ranging from abstract to comic strip, to reflect 'the great beast' of Eighties Britain. On Nov. 19th John is running a comics workshop there with Steve Bell and Tony Earnshaw. Book now on: 0532 462420.

**ON THE WALL:** The Basement Gallery, at 391 Coldharbour Lane, Brixton SW9, is the UK's first gallery specialising in comic art, showing originals from the Virago Upstarts book *First Love* till Nov. 19th, followed by macabre genius John Watkins till Dec. 17th.

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**Amid the echoes of tumultuous applause for comics-based stage plays like *The Ballad of Halo Jones*, *Batman* and *American Eagle*, comes the newly-formed theatre company Bismark Herring. Putting aside the padded shoulders and stun guns, they are opting for the mood and menace of *Violent Cases* and *Brought To Light***

**OPENING NIGHT** at The Latchmere Theatre, London. The lights dim, the audience hushes and the first performance begins of the stage play of *Violent Cases*, taken from the graphic novel by Neil Gaiman & Dave McKean. Evoking childhood perceptions and haunted memories, *Violent Cases* might not seem the most obvious material for adapting to the stage. But director Eric Jarvis of Bismark Herring knew as soon as he'd read it, that this was the right choice. 'From a theatrical point of view, of all the comics I've seen, *Violent Cases* was the easiest. It immediately came off the page as a play, partly because, reading it with a theatre discipline, I didn't get lost from the narrator's point of view, so I saw it as the narrator all the way through.'

Adapted as a 'one-man show', the play demands actor Graham Brand to take on various personas, from the narrator as a four-year old boy, his father and grandparents, to the guises of Al Capone's osteopath. To conjure up the book's visual moods, Jarvis steered clear of using any slides of McKean's artworks. 'It would have been too obvious and would look almost ludicrous. It deserves something more subtle, so Debbie Hearn and I are working largely with shadows to get that feel.' The other unique element is an original soundtrack composed by Gary Lloyd, which cleverly underscores the story's blend of innocence and menace. In a revised version for next year, he plans to include two pieces played by Dave McKean, a talented jazz pianist on the quiet.

Explaining his choice of *Violent Cases*, Jarvis insists that his first criterion is that it has to be a very human comic, one that gets you interested in the people involved rather than pretty pictures. 'I've been involved in an awful lot of plays, and barring one or two of the absolute classics, there's probably more depth of

thought gone into the writing of *Violent Cases* and more levels to bring out than anything I've done.' His previous experience, taking over the directorial reins of the *Halo Jones* play based on Alan Moore and Ian Gibson's 2000AD 'heroine', taught him to avoid their attempt to recreate exactly what's on the page. 'It's better to try to imply much more and create much less, to keep it on a human scale that an audience can relate to.'

Next up from Bismark Herring are productions of two more Moore masterworks: *Brought To Light*, a 'graphic docudrama' tracing the history of the CIA's covert actions; and *V For Vendetta*, a battle of ethics in a Fascist near-future Britain. The fact that Moore's writing often lends itself to stage adaptations stems in part from his years writing and acting in plays at the Northampton Arts Lab. 'Brought To Light' is written from the point of view of an observer; instead of being on stage in front of the audience, he'll be part of the audience, so you follow the action through his eyes.' The other role is a drunk CIA Eagle, spilling his life story in a bar. Applying lateral rather than literal thinking, Jarvis won't be using any Sam the Eagle Muppet-masks or elaborate make-up. Instead, he's found an aquiline actor who looks the part, and cunning lighting will make him cast the shadow of an eagle. Then it's up to the lighting and set designer to create the same aura of evil as Bill Sienkiewicz can with pictures. As for the documentary aspects, one answer is in the style of delivery. 'If an actor says something as a fact, it comes over as documentary. But we'll also using videos or slides of key events.'

What excites him about the current renaissance in comics is the wide background of reading and influence being drawn on by writers like Alan Moore and Neil Gaiman. 'For a long time, comics referred mainly to themselves, and that's not way for an art to grow. It starts closing



GRAHAM BRAND STARS IN *VIOLENT CASES*

## THE THING'S A PLAY

in on itself and disappearing. Modern dance is a classic example. For years, dance companies were dancing only for other dance companies, but now it's starting to break out thanks to brilliant companies like DV8 and Geographical Duvet. Now you don't need to have ever read a comic to get the full impact of *Violent Cases* or *Brought To Light*.'

Jarvis is aiming for April '89 for *V for Vendetta*, and it looks very likely that he will revive *Violent Cases* next Spring and tour it round the country. And he's got no shortage of ideas for future projects. 'I'd like to see *Mechanics* done as a musical. I've got a way of doing *Luther Arkwright*, but I'd need a big theatre and a lot of money. You'd need three simultaneous

stages for the parallel realities. I love the idea of putting *DR & Quinch* on stage, but I've got to work out a way of having people flying around the theatre and some way we can get away with blowing up large sections of the audience, which as I understand it is not actually legal in this country!'

*Brought To Light* should open in February '89. For details of Bismark Herring productions, ring Eric Jarvis on: 01-735 1669. A limited supply of the *Violent Cases* stage play programme, with production photos, biographies, plus portraits and a splendid colour cover by Dave McKean, are available for £1.50 each including P+P (UK only) from Escape.



YET AS MY TEENAGE YEARS WORE ON, I BEGAN TO DEVELOP MY VERY OWN SOCIAL CONSCIENCE...

I REMEMBER SETTING FREE 'FRIENDLY FRANK' THE LOCAL KILLER WHALE, INTO THE SEA

LUCKILY PATER BAILED ME OUT OF MY MANSLAUGHTER CHARGE, LEAVING ME FREE TO STUDY ALBANIAN CHEMISTRY AT UNI...



UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE 150 ORPHANS SWIMMING NEARBY HE WAS NEITHER FRIENDLY OR FRANK, JUST A LITTLE PECKISH.





I WAS IN MY HAVEN THEN, SITTING IN CIRCLES WE'D DISCUSS THE THINGS THAT REALLY MATTERED



JOIN THE LATEST IN-VOGUE POLITICAL PARTIES...



AND LATCH ONTO ARTISTIC INTEGRITY... FOR ME THE BEATNIK POETRY READINGS WOULD OPEN MY EYES



GUDDER RAIL. YON YELLOW LIGHT STARTLE. LEANS OF SPINGLY SPONGE... DATELY OTHESIUS. TREE. SPACE!



THESE GUYS CAN REALLY FATHOM OUT THEIR INNER SPIRIT. WONDER IF I SHOULD CLAP NOW OR LATER? THERE MAYBE MORE...



- AND THERE WAS. I BECAME ENWRAPPED IN THE WORKS OF CHARLIE CAROLYSKI, JACK YORACK, AND BILLY BUMROSE - LEADERS OF AN EXCITING NEW UNDERGROUND. I JUST HAD TO BE PART OF



THE CHEQUES FROM HOME PROVED MORE USEFUL THAN EVER...



IT WAS JUST GOING TO BE A MATTER OF BREAKING THE HAPPENING BARRIER



LEK FLEW OF THE MARMALADE SPOONY HANDLE DENCH WIMBUSH !!!!!\$E!!!

THIS GUY SUCKS!

UNRAD!



HE'S SPOOFING

PERHAPS IT WAS A CASE OF THE NAME NOT FITTING THE BERET, I KNEW IT WASN'T GOING TO BE EASY...



BASTARDS!

SO, I RID MYSELF OF THEIR PSEUDO PRETENTIONS CLAP-TRAPPINGS... THE ONLY WAY FORWARD FOR MY NEWLY DISCOVERED TALENTS WAS DOWN!!



YES, DOWN ON THE STREETS, WHERE MEN ARE MEN, LIFE IS TOUGH, AND THERE IS NO SOFT TOILET PAPER...



THE EGG YOLK RUNS DOWN YOUR CHIN, AS GREASE LINES YOUR STOMACH...



YOUR SHOES ARE WORN, YOUR CLOTHES TORN.



BUMS. IN THE CHEAP CAFES LINING THE PISS-STAINED BARS... CRIMINALIZING,



ABUSING THE WOMEN, AND RARELY EVER WASHING.



YET IT WAS HERE OF ALL PLACES THAT I BEGAN TO FEEL AT EASE... FREE TO WRITE WITHOUT THE RESTRICTIONS OF CLEANLINESS



RED-STAINED ALLEY-CAT DRAINED MY WHISKEY RAT-CAGE... MARMITE ON TOAST!



MY MONEY OF COURSE, HELPED THEM ACCEPT ME AS ONE OF THEIR OWN



TO ALL MY FRIENDS!

BUT BEHIND THE GREASE AND ALCOHOLIC INTOXICATION, I COULD SEE A GENUINE FACE



I WAS GENUINE. I HAD MONEY



HERE, WHERE THERE ARE NO ART-GALLERIES... THE STREET IS MY CANDY COLOURED CANVAS, WHISKEY, MY WATER...



HERE YOU CAN GUARANTEE THERE'LL BE NO PETTY BACK-STABBING... YOU CAN FEEL THE WARMTH OF THE KNIFE BEFORE IT SLITS YOUR SPINE.



AND AS I LAY HERE DYING...



THIS YOURS BUDDY?

...ER, YEH... I'M A WRITER.



SHEESH! THIS IS WORSE THAN I THOUGHT...

POETRY THIS BAD, CAN BE USED IN EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU!



YOU'RE GOING DOWN FOR THIS BOY!!

BUT... IT'S MODERN! IT'S ALL THE RAGE! ...MY FATHER'S A LAWYER...

END



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- FAVOURITE ARTIST (UK)

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A mammoth dollar symbol adorned with machine gun-toting pink cherubs proclaims, 'I Am The Lord Thy God'. From his grand scale window displays to his personal street jewellery, 'Moving' Jim Hamilton's provocative Signs of the Times satirise the taboos of sex, power, religion and money.

# THE MOVING MAN

**MOVING' JIM** has crammed his flat-cum-workshop to the ceiling with toys and trash, including an impressive collection of exotic water pistols and ray guns that line the picture rails and an old fish-eye mirror from the Tube. Wearing a mischievous grin and his beanie cap with a propellor blade on top, he explains, 'I love having toys and stuff around, even if they're crap, it's their shapes and colours. Eduardo Paolozzi collects toys and robots, trash, junk. He's a bit of a Pop artist, a Surrealist, but he just keeps going backwards and forwards, between graphics and sculpture, feeding off each other.'

From Jim's background in microbiology and graphics, he went three-dimensional for his degree show, warping the

Ten Commandments into caustic military medallions. Out of these came his cherub with a machine gun. 'That's an icon for my life, it's got good and bad, right and wrong, extremism and normality, it's a cute little cherub with a toy gun. But then you've got these kids in Afghanistan, South America, using guns all the time. So it's tragic but also funny.' His ideas so impressed Baldev at Academy in the Kings Road, that he was commissioned to build a window display for the shop. 'I nearly killed myself making that big dollar sign. They decided we'd put it into the *Time Out* Live exhibition, so my parents came down for two months and helped paint all the cherubs. But this finished look is a hang-up, it gets in the way, it cripples you. I've got to get more streamlined, practical.'

But when it comes to going commercial



and manufacturing his creations, Jim feels ambivalent, because it would get in the way of doing new projects. 'People tell me I could make money selling these cherubs. The guys in Big Jesus Trashcan want to sell them, but then I'd have to find someone to make them. Or do I make them myself? There's room for me to produce stuff like this, that no one else can do, rather than produce something that is so mass-produceable that anyone could do it. I prefer one-off commissions. In the end, you try to be businesslike, but you're an 'artist' as well. Art is business, there's no two ways about it.

Art and business combine in his current 'retail theatre' designs for shirt specialists Ted Baker, installing mobile window displays in their five shops round the country and in Way In at Harrods. 'That's why they call me 'Moving' Jim; the company gave me the nickname, because of my propellor hat, and because I make things move and I cycle everywhere. I

made two revolving 'Ted's Wheel of Fortunes'. Highly finished, gloss paint, I nearly died!' For his 'Four Steps To 'Better' Dress Sense', he's built demented dummies who wear their clothes all wacky and skewwhiff.

As for any political message behind his personal work, he admits, 'I'm into power, sex, violence, religion, money. As much as I take the piss out of them, I'm into them. I'm against extremism of all sorts, but I am an extremist myself. I'm not making political statements. I'm dealing with these big basic clichés and I just find them ironic and funny. That's the bottom line. It's a laugh, making the silliest thing monumental.'

'Moving Jim' is keen to collaborate on weird'n'wonderful projects. Contact him on: 01-837 5739. His cherubs are available from Academy, 188A Kings Road, SW3 and 15 Newburgh Street, W1.



FOUR STEPS TO HEAVEN. MOVING DUMMIES FROM THE WINDOW OF TED BAKER



# HOGGING IT!

Two-Piece Suit in Royal Stewart Tartan and Silver Lurex: Cropped shirt with silver fringed black fur drop penny collar: £75. Matching Trousers: £54

Gold-fringed Halter-neck Gold Stretch-Lurex bra: with matching Gold Stretch-Lurex Kilt-skirt also £35



**PAM HOGG**

illustrated by Chris Long

Two-piece Suit in fake Piebald cowskin and Silver Lurex: Shirt with drop penny collar £75. Matching Trousers: £54

**STOCKISTS**

WAY IN AT HARRODS;  
JOSEPH, 23, BROMPTON ARCADE  
HYPER HYPER, HIGH STREET KENSINGTON

Flower Kilt Dress in Gold Stretch-Lurex, gold fringing and real Red Lurex Roses: £85

**WIN! WIN! WIN!**

RAY DENNIS  
STECKLER'S

**RATPINK A BOO BOO**



A goofy ESCAPE competition, drawn by John BAGNALL

**HOW TO ENTER:**

Sharpen your wits and pencils and design the ideal odd-ball arch-fiend to challenge Ratpink and his sidekick. The one the editors consider to be the most inscrutable arch-villain will appear in a wacky special Ratpink A Boo Boo story, so get scrawling and send your entry in by January 24th. to: WIN! WIN! WIN!, Escape Magazine, 156 Munster Road, London SW6 5RA. That's also the deadline and address for the Bill the Cat and Mighty Mouse competitions on pages 28 and 29 and the Calvin & Hobbes competition in Hip Parade. For detailed competition rules read the microscopic print on page 62!

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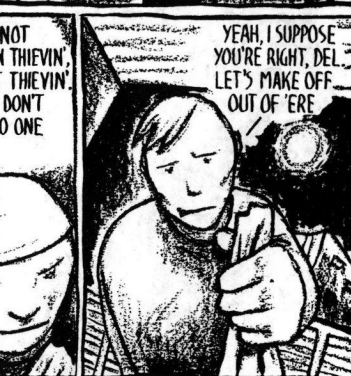
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SLAM CITY ☎01-240 0928 ROUGH TRADE ☎01-240 0105  
15 NEAL'S YARD, OFF SHORTS GARDENS, LONDON WC2  
AND AT: 130 TALBOT ROAD, LONDON W11 ☎01-229 8541

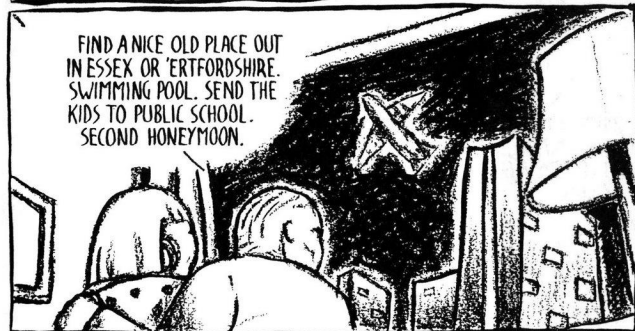
# YUPPY LOVE

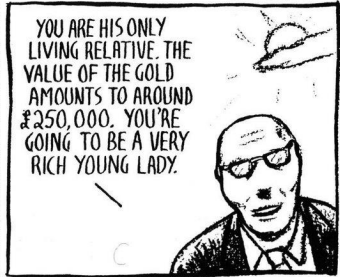
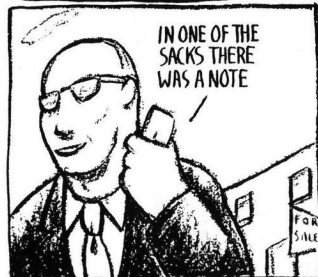


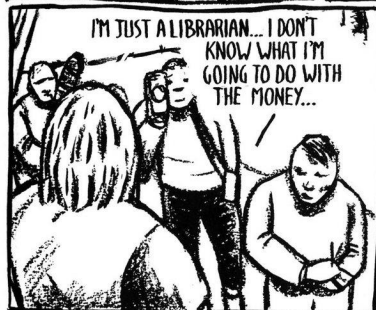




LETTERING: CHRIS REYNOLDS







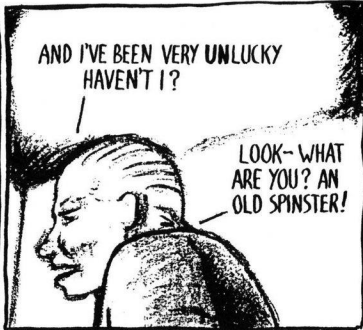


LOOK, I'M  
SORRY, I...

DON'T BE SORRY.  
IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT.  
I JUST WANT MY  
GOLD BACK, SEE?



IT ISN'T YOURS. IT  
CAME FROM MY GREAT-  
GREAT-GREAT GRAND-  
FATHER. I'VE BEEN  
LUCKY, BUT...

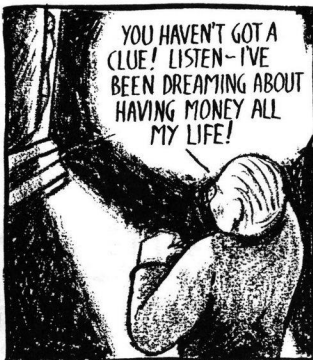


AND I'VE BEEN VERY UNLUCKY  
HAVEN'T I?

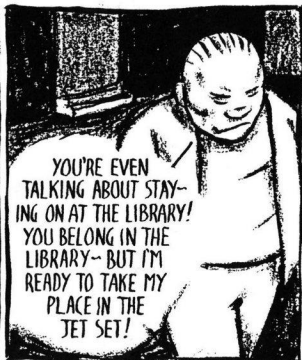
LOOK-- WHAT  
ARE YOU? AN  
OLD SPINSTER!



YOU WOULDN'T  
KNOW WHAT TO DO  
WITH THE MONEY.  
WHAT WOULD YOU  
SPEND IT ON?



YOU HAVEN'T GOT A  
CLUE! LISTEN-- I'VE  
BEEN DREAMING ABOUT  
HAVING MONEY ALL  
MY LIFE!



YOU'RE EVEN  
TALKING ABOUT STAY-  
ING ON AT THE LIBRARY!  
YOU BELONG IN THE  
LIBRARY-- BUT I'M  
READY TO TAKE MY  
PLACE IN THE  
JET SET!



YES, WELL, I SUPPOSE HE  
WAS RIGHT AS WELL-- THE  
LITTLE YOBBO! I DIDN'T  
HAVE MUCH IDEA OF THE  
GOOD LIFE THEN.



HA! LOOK AT HER! THREE DIVORCES  
IN FIVE YEARS! BUT WE'RE  
'APPY, AIN'T WE?



MONEY?  
WHO NEEDS  
IT?



BIGGER & BETTER THAN EVER

# COMICBOOK MARKETPLACE

1989  
SUNDAY  
JANUARY  
8

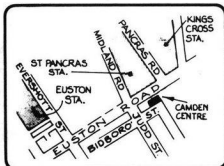
CAMDEN CENTRE BIDDOROUGH ST LONDON WC1

The Comicbook Marketplace is held every two months at the Camden Centre and is just a few minutes walk from King's Cross, St. Pancras and Euston Stations.

There are more than sixty tables with over 150,000 comicbooks and magazines on sale, including S.F., fantasy, film and TV related items, from Britain's top dealers.

Sandwiches, rolls, snacks, and hot and cold drinks are available throughout the day from the refreshment area located in the dealers room.

**How to get there** Bus: 14, 30, 45, 46, 63, 73, 77a, 214, 221, 263 to Kings Cross or Camden Town Hall. Underground: Circle, Metropolitan, Northern, Piccadilly or Victoria Line to Kings Cross.



DOORS OPEN MID-DAY  
ADMISSION FREE



**FUTURE COMICBOOK MARKETPLACE DATES**  
THERE WILL BE A COMICBOOK MARKETPLACE ON THE FOLLOWING SUNDAYS IN 1989:  
JANUARY 8TH, MARCH 5TH, MAY 7TH, JULY 16TH, SEPTEMBER 3RD, NOVEMBER 5TH.

PHOTO: A.S. MCGLYNN



**STEVEN APPLEBY's** 'Captain Star', rudely booted out of *NME*, has happily landed in the *Observer's* Section 5. He's also working with Pete Bishop at the Film Garage on another animated short. **JOHN BAGNALL**, while in Paris checked out Napoleon's tomb. He cartoons 'Teen Town' for *Offbeat* magazine. **BRIAN BOLAND** is also just back from Paris, where he spent seven hours being filmed for French TV, jamming on 10" by 4" drawing boards with Moebius and Liberatore and sketching a nude model. Pick up the show on satellite. **LES COLEMAN** had a recent one-man show 'Headache' at Battersea Arts Centre and exhibited with Patrick Hughes at Dean Clough, Halifax. He also publishes his own *DisCard* postcards, including several by Ivor Cutler. **JOHN FREEMAN** edits *Dr Who Monthly* for Marvel UK and is developing a new *Starlog*-style monthly due next Spring. **NEIL GAIMAN** chairs the revamped *Story of Strip Illustration* and scripts *Black Orchid* and *Sandman* for DC and *Miraculous* for Eclipse. **DAVE GIBBONS**, Mr Smiley-Culture and affable co-creator of *Watchmen*, is scripting a new *Rogue Trooper* series, anticipating a big-screen movie, and is painting *Give Me Liberty*, written by Frank Miller. **JOHN GORE** is a producer and director for the Bloomsbury Theatre and is immersed in various cryptic TV projects. **CLIFF HARPER**, soft-spoken illustrator, is author of *Anarchy - A Graphic Guide*. His powerful work has graced everything from *Sunday Times* Book Sections to Billy Bragg LP covers. **THERESA HENRY**, Vancouver's pencil princess, claims her inspirations include Republican housewives with puffy hair, Cyndi Lauper and her late dochshund who barks at her from the dead. She describes her style as 'bathroom girl-talk'. **GILBERT HERNANDEZ** crafts *Heartbreak Soup*, praised by Angela Carter as 'like *Bunuel* on speed'. His one recurring nightmare is going back to high school. **JAIME HERNANDEZ** is the younger half of Los Bros on *Love & Rockets*. He's been a wrestling fan since he was young. 'I enjoy the interviews more than the matches.' **PAM HOGG**, loud'n'proud fashion designer, sings in Acid House band The Garden of Eden on 'The Serpent & The Garden'. She wowed London fashion week with her Spring-Summer '89 collection of fringes, stetsons and saloon-bar sleaze. 'Everybody else went East, I went wild and went West!' **CHARLES JENNINGS**, journalist for *Tatler*, the London *Evening Standard* and many other publications, has also written three plays: *Revisiting The Alchemist*, for the Orange Tree, Richmond; and *The German and The Make-Up*, for the BBC. **CHRIS LONG** is back from sunny San Francisco. With Sav X he's in *Battle of the Eyes*, the art-gang responsible for *Slam City Skates* logos, bags, boards and T-shirts. **TED MCKEEVER**, former editorial cartoonist, lives in downtown Miami, Florida where he's polishing off *Eddy Current* and starting a full-colour series called *Plastic Forks*, due out Spring '89 from Comico. **SAVAGE PENCIL** is illuminating M R James' 'The Ash Tree' with Ed Pissent for next issue and his silkscreened jam with Gary Pinter and Chris Long is due soon, with free dress bag. **GEORGE PARKIN** draws the 'Al Terno' strip in Brighton's trendy local listings mag



STEVEN APPLEBY LANDING AT JODRELL BANK

The *Punter* and has a mad passion for cycling - last summer he peddled the length of England.

**TREVS PHOENIX** masterminds *Sinister Romance* and appears in *Virago's First Love*. Spot him along with Charmaine in next year's *Esper* series, snapped by Paul Johnson. **GARY PLEECE**, in all his splendour, enjoys fine wine, poetry and prose, fast-talking gymnasts, reading Sam Beckett, and tripping over Brighton cliff-tops.

**WARREN PLEECE**, fresh of age, was born in 1965 and was then successfully ripped off by lots of comic artists he's never heard of. With Gary, he presides over the essential *Velocity*. **HARLEY RICHARDSON**, precocious penciller for the House of Harley, purveyors of *Captain Maroon* and *Ugly Mug*, youngest recruit to *HMS Fast Fiction* and recent initiate to life courtesy of the But-hole Surfers. **MARK ROBINSON** is Cardiff's answer to Eric Stanton, and the corrupting influence behind the banned *Bang!* He plans to fish-farm shellfish in the mountains, ie he keeps a whelk home in the hillside. I think yow!

**JOHNNY RUSH** works in the City but only dresses the part. He's a keen Liverpool supporter and writes and draws *Angels and Devils*. **JO-NATHAN SELZER**, Elke's brother, reviews for *Record Mirror* new tapes: My Bloody Valentine and The Young Gods and is still waiting for Pete Hill's strip for the first *Fold*. **CAROL SWAIN** is a discovery from the *Escape* ICA Workshop. She has since self-published *Way Out Strips* and contributed to *Fast Fiction*, *The Fish* and soon Chris Reynolds's mysterious *Maurelania Comics*. **DAVE THORPE**, author of *The Chernobyl Effect*, has written *Captain Britain* for Marvel UK and *Dac Chaos* for *Escape*. **BILL WATTEERSON** has personally sold over eight million copies of his second *Calvin and Hobbes* collection in the States. Over here, his strip runs in the *Daily and Sunday Express*. Charles Schulz has said, 'He draws wonderful bedside tables.' Garry Trudeau has said, 'Childhood as it actually is.' Need one say more? **SPENCER WOODCOCK** is splashing about in the Norfolk Brooks, doing conservation work. He's scripting part 2 of 'The Wacky Baccy Man' for *Ducklake* Express. **OSCAR ZARATE** illustrated *Geoffrey the Tube Train* written by Alexei Sayle and contributed to *AARGH!* and *Spitting Image's Giant Comic Book*.

## Tokyo plans further slaughter of whales despite ban.

The Japanese whaling industry is planning to catch 825 Minke Whales for 'scientific research'.

The object is to prove that there are sufficient stocks to continue commercial whaling.

But conservationists say that this could put the future of whales at risk.

## One piece of news you can do something about.

The Whale Conservation Society desperately needs your help. Please complete and send a cheque/P.O. for your membership or donation to the address below. Make cheques payable to 'Whale and Dolphin Conservation Society'.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

Postcode \_\_\_\_\_  
Membership (tick box): Children OAP's Unemployed £2.50 ☐ Adult £7.50 ☐ Family £12.50 ☐

Donations (please specify amount):  I am willing to be an active member in fund raising activities (tick box) ☐

Whale and Dolphin Conservation Society is a registered charity. No. 298656. 019

WHALE CONSERVATION SOCIETY  
20 WEST LEA ROAD BATH AVON BA1 3RL

# calvin and hobbes

by  
WATTERSON

SEVEN... EIGHT...  
NINE... **TEN!**

THAT'S MY SQUARE!  
HA HA! YOU OWE  
ME MONEY!



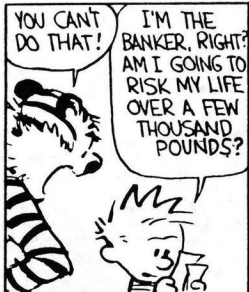
...UH...ELEVEN!

**JUST A  
MINUTE!**



YOU CAN'T  
DO THAT!

I'M THE  
BANKER. RIGHT?  
AM I GOING TO  
RISK MY LIFE  
OVER A FEW  
THOUSAND  
POUNDS?



THE RULES  
DON'T SAY YOU  
CAN ROB THE  
BANK. THAT'S  
CHEATING.

DO THE RULES SAY YOU  
**CAN'T** ROB THE BANK?  
HUH? **DO** THEY? JUST ROLL  
THE DICE AND ACCEPT  
THIS AS A TRAGIC TURN  
OF EVENTS, OK?

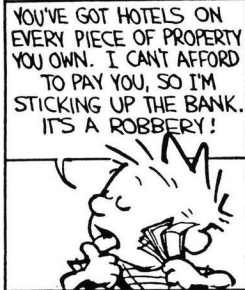


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WHAT ARE YOU DOING??  
YOU CAN'T JUST TAKE  
MONEY FROM THE BANK!



YOU'VE GOT HOTELS ON  
EVERY PIECE OF PROPERTY  
YOU OWN. I CAN'T AFFORD  
TO PAY YOU, SO I'M  
STICKING UP THE BANK.  
IT'S A ROBBERY!



OK, IF *THAT'S* HOW  
WE'RE PLAYING, THEN  
**I'M ROBBING YOU!**

HA! I'LL STEAL  
YOUR DEEDS TO  
PARK LANE  
AND MAYFAIR!



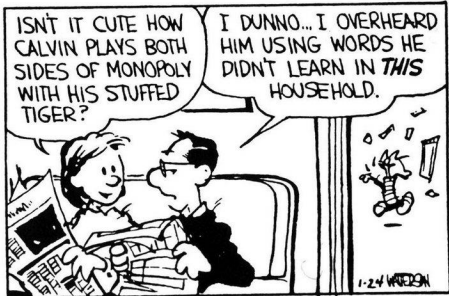
YEAH? WELL, I'M TAKING ALL  
THE HOUSES AND HOTELS, AND  
PUTTING THEM ON MARYLEBONE,  
WHERE YOU JUST LANDED!  
YOU OWE ME £ 250,000!

THAT'S WHAT *YOU*  
THINK, YOU... YOU...



ISN'T IT CUTE HOW  
CALVIN PLAYS BOTH  
SIDES OF MONOPOLY  
WITH HIS STUFFED  
TIGER?

I DUNNO... I OVERHEARD  
HIM USING WORDS HE  
DIDN'T LEARN IN *THIS*  
HOUSEHOLD.



1-24 WATTERSON

# calvin and Hobbes

WATKIN

HERE'S A BOX OF CRAYONS.  
I NEED SOME ILLUSTRATIONS  
FOR A STORY I'M WRITING.



YOU CAN DRAW  
SOMETHING  
BESIDES TIGERS,  
CAN'T YOU?

SURE. LEOPARDS,  
PUMAS, OCELOTS...  
..YOU NAME IT.



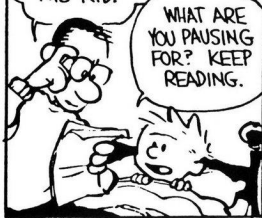
HERE, DAD, READ *THIS* STORY  
TONIGHT. I WROTE IT AND  
HOBBS ILLUSTRATED IT.



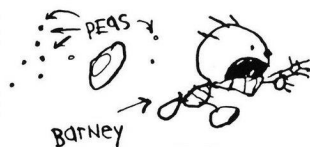
..UM...  
OK.

"THE DAD WHO LIVED TO  
REGRET BEING MEAN TO  
HIS KID."

WHAT ARE  
YOU PAUSING  
FOR? KEEP  
READING.



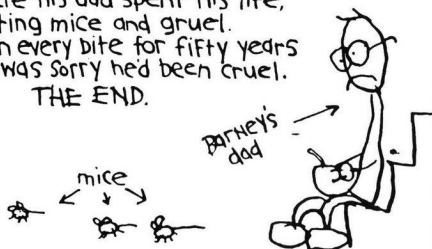
Barney's dad was really bad,  
So Barney hatched a plan.  
When his dad said, "Eat your peas!"  
Barney shouted, "NO!" and ran.



Barney tricked his mean ol' dad,  
And locked him in the cellar.  
His mom never found out  
where he'd gone,  
'cause Barney didn't tell her.



There his dad spent his life,  
Eating mice and gruel.  
With every bite for fifty years  
He was sorry he'd been cruel.  
THE END.



YOU KNOW HOW A  
LOT OF STORIES  
HAVE MORALS  
TO THEM...?

I GET IT,  
I GET IT!

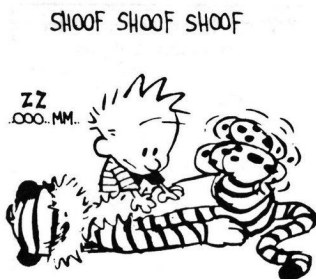
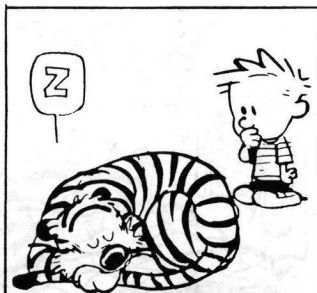
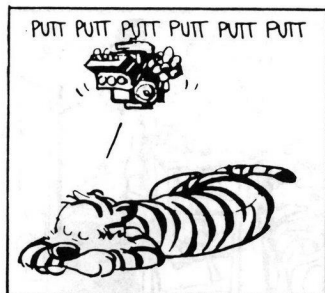


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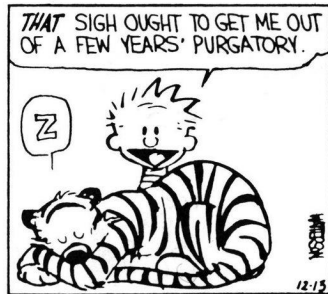
WATKIN & HOBBS 12-27

# calvin and Hobbes

by WATKIN



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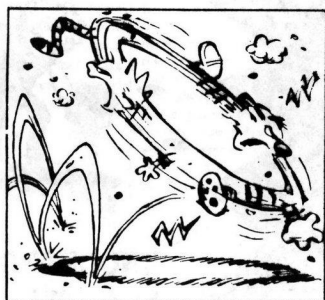
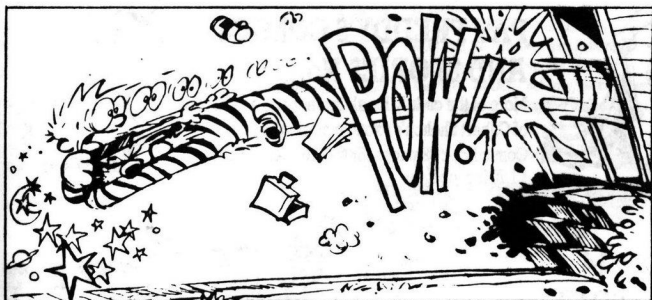


WATKIN

12-15

# Calvin and Hobbes

by WATSON



WELL IF YOU DIDN'T GET IN A FIGHT AT SCHOOL, WHAT ON EARTH HAPPENED TO YOU?!

LET'S JUST SAY SOMETIMES I WISH I HAD A GERBIL.

END

ESCAPE 51



# KNOCKABOUT

# CRACK

EDITIONS

present

## NEW FOR CHRISTMAS

### FREAK BROTHERS COLLECTION TWO

Includes:

Shootout at The County Slammer

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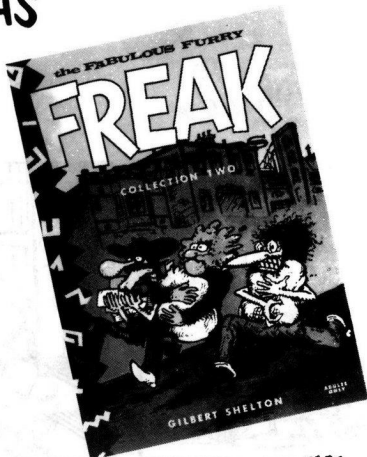
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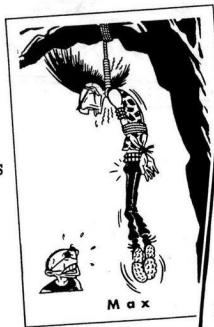
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# POST-PUNK PANTER

## JIMBO: ADVENTURES IN PARADISE

Gary Panter

INDESTRUCTIBLE AND UNSTOPPABLE, Gary Panter's Jimbo is surely the Arnold Schwarzenegger of underground comix, the most unlikely hero to ever stomp into print and raise a ham-knuckled fist at the world around him. His creator's change of living location, from some day L.A. to the Big Bad Apple, has given Jimbo's jaw a rougher line, a majestic jut has been added to his chin, something that evokes both Rembrandt and Heckle and Jeckle out of the same magic ink-well on Panter's work-loop.

Jimbo and Gary now live in a mean part of Brooklyn called Red Hook. From out of their picture window runs a concrete and steel spinal chord of a freeway with little cars and trucks running up and down it all day and night. There's also a stinky river nearby where the local gangsters and crazy people end up, when they can't pay any more dues...and the nudiest MacDonald's in the universe, that's got this big stupid plastic tree with Rat Fink eyes! These homely but ugly surroundings somehow get intricately meshed into the one new strip in this collection, the one strip that's worth shelling out for, because it's a masterpiece of both line and design.

The first two pages of this latest Jimbo adventure started to come alive in the pages of a US rock mag called *Spin*. Unfortunately, *Spin* weren't as hip as many thought they were. Unprepared for Gary's quirky line and freeform story telling technique, they dropped Jimbo like a hot potato. Undaunted (well, he was pissed off mightily, but what the hell!), Gary continued to crank out the dream in his brain for publishing pal Art Spiegelman, the co-editor of *Raw*, who had just convinced top New York publishing moguls Pantheon Books that adult comix were a happening thing. He went on to prove his point by publishing *Maus* under their imprint, a funny animal graphic novel which told the story of his parents' life under a Nazi regime. It was a hit and Pantheon published more Raw artists. What the aching heads thought of Mark Beyer's *Agony* or Charles Burns' *Hard-Boiled Detective Stories* we shall probably never know; the signs are though that they failed to reach the giddy heights of *Maus*. Time then to call in the big boy, time to shake Gary Panter's Jimbo out of hibernation to tell his story just one more time.

*Adventures in Paradise* is basically a re-run of the previously published *Raw One Shot Jimbo* anthology. What makes this one special however is the new material. Some of Panter's panels have the power of an Old Master about them. They simply sprawl with invention, line and adventure. Perhaps some five hundred or more different



characters occupy one giant frame, each of which is doing something to contribute to that particular segment of the story's action. Compare this work to the earliest of his *Slash* strips (all of which are on parade here) and the difference simply hammers home. No longer is Gary a simple 'punk' cartoonist; the transition from comix to the finest of arts has been reached, naturally, without humiliation. Gary Panter and Jimbo have grown up together and look better than ever before.

—Savage Pencil

Raw-Pantheon \$12.95-£8.95 Import 88pp Softback  
★★★★

## LIFE FORCE

Will Eisner

IT'S CLEAR FROM THE START that we're in deep-end Eisner country — 55 Dropsie Avenue, The Bronx, familiar from *A Contract With God*. This is a tale told through a series of interlocking vignettes, centred on aging carpenter Jacob Shtarkah. But *A Life Force* is more than a collection of Eisner tenement stories. Opening in the teeth of the Depression, poverty and unemployment ease little by little during the course of the book, only to be supplanted as a threat by the rising spectre of Nazism and anti-Semitism. This theme of life as a ceaseless struggle against constantly shifting adversity is neatly underlined by the list of extreme weather conditions, from blizzards to scorching heatwaves, that batter New York during 1934. Jacob trudges, head down, through the book, propelled by the same grim will to live as the cockroach. A story not of triumph in the face of adversity but survival and the human need for some-



thing more, be only a thin sliver of hope. But it is not finally pessimistic. If fortune often slips suddenly into disaster, then out of the worst misfortune new opportunities arise. Even the freezing weather provides some jobless men with work clearing snow.

The art, like much of Eisner's recent work, is fluid and expressive and, as always, wonderfully evocative of city life. His eye for significant detail is in no way diminished by the looseness of the line. Perhaps there are moments when the storytelling becomes a little self-indulgent; the cockroach theme especially begins to feel laboured by the end.

Also the treatment of unions seems uncharacteristically shallow and one-sided. But these criticisms must be seen in the context of what has been attempted and achieved.

After fifty years in comics, Will Eisner is still pushing back the boundaries of the medium. Every publisher planning to hype their latest superhero saga as a 'graphic novel' should be compelled to read *A Life Force* first.

—Spencer Woodcock

Kitchen Sink \$10.95-£6.95 Import 144pp Softback  
★★★★

## CRITICAL LIST

### AARGH!

Mad Love

While uniting artists, gay and straight, in their anger at Clause 28 and their desire to address widespread homophobia, this anthology does not, however, present one united protest, but a range of reactions — as it should. They use every form, from historical perspective and true life experience to nightmare near-futures and far-fetched lampoons. Miller's sledgehammer subtlety may offend you; Bolland's confused good intentions may strike a chord. But however you react to individual pieces, AARGH's cumulative effect provokes and questions you. How do you feel? — Paul Grevett

★★★★

### ANIMAL MAN

DC

A complete No-No. Grant Morrison tries hard to have fun with this stupid superhero, but fails completely, through attempting to be like Alan Moore yet not like him of the same time. The characters are lifeless, the plot terminally dull, the art a hack job. Is the 'realistic' violence and the tackling of social issues like rape meant to make this a better comic? I hope not. —Harley Richardson



### DISHMAN

Eclipse Books

Another hero with a supremely silly power. School-teacher Paul Mahler acquires the magic ability to clean dishes by telepathy. Creator John McLeod's good intentions win over any technical difficulties, as it's all done with a great sense of fun. No gritty 'realism' here, thank goodness. —Harley Richardson

★★★★

### SUBURBAN NIGHTMARES

Renegade

The creators of *Silent Invasion*, one of this year's better pieces of comics fiction, leap back into action with this four-issue series of short stories. There's mystery, drama, even future shock in this excellent book, with its sights set firmly on smalltown America in the Fifties. Yet another delight from Messrs Hancock, Cherkos & Bruggen. —John Freeman

★★★★

### THE BETTY PAGES 2

Pure Imagination

Betty Page, vivacious pin-up queen of Irvin Klaw's bizarre bondage empire in Fifties New York, is ripe for cultdom. Her 'look' seems current again, what with 'Betty Blue', Corinne in *Swing Out Sister* and Betty Boud and Louise Brooks revivals; she's also the model for 'Betty', girlfriend of Dave Steven's *Rocketeer*. This digest is packed with ▶

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## STORY WITHOUT WORDS

## THE CITY

Frans Masereel



THE OTHER DAY, I WAS LOOKING at John Biggs' *Classic Woodcut Art and Engraving*, published in 1958 and just re-issued by Blandford Press. It contains over two hundred prints from around the world, among them a 'French' engraving titled 'Interior'. Looking at it took my mind back to the years before 1986. Before then, you didn't need a pocket calculator to add up the total of people in this country familiar with the creator of 'Interior', a small band who knew that this was not a French artist, but a Flemish one, Frans Masereel. Only within our insular shores could such ignorance persist; elsewhere, from Paris to Peking, this artist's work enjoyed popular recognition and critical acclaim, making him one of the few artists who managed the trick of appealing to a mass audience without lowering the integrity of his art.

1986 changed all that, for that was the year Redstone Press published *Story Without Words* and *The Idea*. Overnight you couldn't walk out of your front door without tripping over Masereel: reviews in every book column, full pages in the serious weeklies, articles in the colour supps., five minute spots on TV – Masereel everywhere! It seemed as if every London bookshop had its little pile of Masereels beside the cash-till, and anyone who knows anything about retailing merchandise will tell you that's the No.1 spot, just like the eye-level sweet racks by the supermarket checkouts. Child's eye level, that is. Masereel was being sold like the proverbial hot cakes, and not only in bookshops. Step into any of the many shops selling accessories for the trend-conscious and there, among the black leather Filofaxes, the Zippo lighters, the Ray-Ban sunglasses, was Masereel.

It didn't stop there. With the arrival of Redstone's second Masereel volume, *Passionate Journey*, just in time for Christmas, there were available to the consuming public Masereel posters, "...editioned by hand on superb mould-made paper", Masereel T-shirts and Masereel boxer shorts. This Christmas there's a Masereel diary, and a third Redstone Press volume, *The City*. After that? Well, Redstone is a relatively small and new publisher and if its modest efforts can result in all these wonders, what should we expect now that some of the world's big publishers, Penguin in the UK and Pantheon in the US, are picking up the reins and rights? *Masereel-The Movie?*

In the meantime, here's *The City*: one hundred wood engravings first published in 1925 in Munich. In the original edition the pictures were 162 x 112 mm on a page size of 285 x 225 mm. Redstone have reduced the pictures to 135 x 95 mm to fit their page size of 152 x 105 mm, resulting in a very ugly book. Masereel's engravings demand a large white border and his edition makes them appear very cramped and restricted. The publisher has also removed the original title page illustration, a lovely triangular drawing, replacing it with hand-lettering. The paper is much too thin, so that there's 'see-through' from every previous page, which with Masereel's engravings, essentially

black solids, is very noticeable. All in all, this volume shows a marked deterioration from the previous two books, which were excellent productions.

The engravings themselves are, of course, marvellous. Rather than following a narrative, the pictures build up a fragmented, uncompromising, savage view of modern urban existence: traffic jams, traffic accidents, rush hour crowds, office workers, tyrannical bosses, feverish shoppers, advertising hoardings, travel agencies, expensive restaurants, crowded bars, fashionable bourgeois, slums, beggars, cripples, pickpockets, prostitutes, suicides, prisoners, exhausted building workers, homeless mothers, sick lonely widows, lechers, rapists, murderers, women-beaters, brutal cars, alcoholics, pimps, executions, orgies, riots, military parades and firework displays.

—Clifford Harper

The Redstone Press £10.95 224pp Boxed Hardback  
Available post free from: 21 Colville Terrace, London W11 2BU

★★★★

## THE INCAL

Alexandra Jodorowsky &amp; Moebius

FIRST, LET ME DECLARE an interest: Moebius is the only artist that I, a world-weary professional, have ever asked for a drawing. He graciously obliged and that effortlessly exquisite drawing he presented to me is not for sale at any price. I also buy, sight unseen, any publication with his work in it, for the sheer visual delight I am certain it will give me. In short, I'm a fan.

There's just so much to admire in his art, whether it's the classically rendered eclecticism he produces under the nom-de-plume Moebius or the racy, authentically textured Western adventures he crafts as Jean Giraud. Both display sincere dedication of an exceptional degree: the Moebius work to his

own inner convictions and personal philosophy, whilst the Giraud persona seems utterly committed to the realisation of writer J.M. Charlier's frontier yarns of *Lieutenant Blueberry*. What makes *The Incal* series so marvellous is that here Moebius-Giraud has managed to fuse his two selves into one. The subject matter, science fiction which is by turns hard-edged and mystical, is pure Moebius while the story-line and its exposition are as accessible and compelling as Giraud's mass-market Westerns.

Variations in style and mood, which I had taken to be merely the natural variations inherent in attempting to produce a coherent work over what has been an eight-year span, are now seen to be an integral part of it. Most startling in this respect is the last volume of the trilogy, in which full-page pictures and

bleed-offs are suddenly introduced with stunning effect. Moebius, newly resident in California, has apparently been on a crash course of American comics, particularly *Dark Knight* and *Elektra Assassin*, and has assimilated their characteristic excitement with relish. Yet even here, the synthesis of ideas is entirely his own.

Such intelligent and witty synthesis, be it between style and subject matter, between Moebius and Jodorowsky or indeed between Moebius and Giraud, characterises the entire *Incal* series and makes this Moebius's most satisfying work to date. Which for this synthesis of fan and world-weary professional is really saying something.

—Dave Gibbons

US: Epic, UK: Titan, Vol. 1 & 3 \$11.95-£5.95 96pp  
Softback, Vol. 2 \$12.95-£6.95 112pp Softback.

★★★★

## CRITICAL LIST

photos and examples of (feminists beware) 'Good Girl Art' by George Petty, Wally Wood and the superb Bill Ward. The piece on Klav's subculture is very informative, if a little too 'peaches and cream'. Was this exotic towady world, peopled by Amazonian strippers and [reverse ratio] supernaturally unattractive men, all living on the edge of the law and accepted taste, really so much like a Sunday School outing?

—Mark Robinson

★★★★

## WORLD WAR THREE ILLUSTRATED 10

At a time when commitment to a viewpoint is largely unfashionable, this is a refreshingly unopinionated magazine that gets better with each issue. Using art, comics, poetry, interviews, from involved participants in liberation struggles, each issue explores a theme, this one's being fascism. There is some beautiful and moving work here, especially one of the last interviews with Palestinian cartoonist Najji Al-Ali, before he was assassinated because of his political cartooning and inspiration. —Dave Thorpe

\$30.00 plus post from: PO Box 20271,  
Tompkins Square, NY 10009

★★★★

## THE CHILDREN'S ANNUAL

Backlist Books

*Chips, Beano, Eagle, TV21* — they're all here in Alan Clark's tour through the vaults. But more intriguing are the gutsy Gerald Swan 'albums' like *Slick Fun*, and a bizarre one-off with black couple, *EB' and Flo'*. All these treasures don't belong on wealthy collectors' shelves; Britain's heritage of classic comics cries out to be reprinted for all, as *Tinlin* and *Babar* are in Europe.

Publishers, take heed! —Paul Gravett

★★★★

## STICKBOY 1 — FTW

Fantagraphics

Dennis Worden's *Stickboy* is underground graphic anarchy that's been stripped down to the barest of essentials. Basically a talking head with stalks for arms and legs, *Stickboy* pours out the angst of his mid-life crisis to a world to a world that doesn't even acknowledge his existence. The story takes in his theories on the meaning of life, his frustrations and sexual hang-ups, occasionally veering off into a kind of Tex Avery-adapted surrealist slot, where reality and cartoon fantasy collide. Recommended for all bitter and twisted individuals who feel life really belongs in a doggy bag. —Savage

Pencil

★★★★

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# HOST WITH THE MOST

## THE COWBOY WALLY SHOW

Kyle Baker



**T**HERE IS A NEW ADDITION to the Great Mysteries of the world. It's right up there with 'Who was Jack the Ripper?', and 'What happened to all the people on the Marie Celeste?' and 'Who Framed Roger Rabbit?'. It's this: What happened to my copy of *The Cowboy Wally Show*?

One moment it was there on the bookshelf. Then it wasn't. Okay, I admit I tidied the bookshelf in the meantime, so in theory it could have just been put somewhere I haven't looked yet; but I doubt it. My theory is that the universe moved in and hid it in self-protection. I was starting to read it to people over the phone; I was forcing anyone who came over to read it – and I wouldn't even let them read the whole thing. I'd go 'Here's a good bit! And here's another good bit! And read this!' and snatch it from them and thrust it at them and read it to them... *The Cowboy Wally Show* does that to you. Wherever it is. It's really very, very funny. And very clever. And very good. And if only I had my copy to hand, I'd read you some of the really good bits. Instead I'll just tell you about it. Pull up a chair. Have a drink. This may take some time.

Cowboy Wally is everything you hate about American TV. He's fat. He's stupid. He drinks too much beer. He ruins people's lives with aplomb and obnoxiousness. He launched his career with blackmail, and kept it up with inept kiddie trash ('Cowboy Wally's Shoot-'Em-Up Laugh Riot', 'Al Space'). Then there were the movies ('Ed Smith, Lizard of Doom', 'Sands of Blood'). And *The Making of Cowboy Wally's*

*Hamlet*' documentary. And the chat show ('Cowboy Wally's Late Night Celebrity Showdown'). Cowboy Wally has no redeeming features. But he's very, very funny.

Kyle Baker mercilessly excoriates TV and the unctuous, meaningless people who are famous for something they never quite did a long time ago (I might mention the all-star cast of 'Give Us A Clue' here, for British readers); but one gets a sneaking suspicion that he actually likes, or at least has a soft spot for this stuff, and manages to communicate his pleasure in culture so bad, that it gives a certain perverse pleasure to the viewer. Kyle Baker writes and draws *Cowboy Wally* in a personal, open style; his pacing is excellent (and seems more suited to his work than the faster-moving *Shadow* he does for DC); the jokes are conversational, the punch lines never quite happen, the parody of American popular culture is, for the most part, scalpel-precise. *Cowboy Wally* isn't perfect; some scenes go on too long, sometimes it wanders a bit, some pages simply don't ignite. But always it's fresh and fun and mostly it's funny. And it puts Kyle Baker effortlessly up there in the firing squad of creators to watch.

So go buy a copy. It's about the most fun you can have without taking latex precautions. And maybe if enough of you buy copies of your own, mine will mysteriously come back...

—Neil Gaiman

Dolphin Doubleday \$8.95-£5.95 Import 128pp Paperback

★★★★

## A VIEW FROM BACK O' TOWN

Tony Earnshaw

TAKING HIS TITLE FROM LOUIS ARMSTRONG'S 'Back o' Town Blues', Tony Earnshaw has produced a collection of political cartoons, what he calls 'my social realist period', that reflect his Surrealist allegiances and anarchic temperament. The title acts as a metaphor for that place where 'society's misfits set up camp and liberty triumphs over necessity'. The drawings revel in deriding ignorant and exhausted values, their seditious humour originating from Earnshaw's frustration with an entrenched class system. Be it Alfred Jarry's play *Ubu Roi*, Jean Vigo's film *Zéro de Conduite*, or the comedy routines of Lenny Bruce, wit has often been sharpened to ridicule a hypocritical authority. Marcel Marien said, 'We laugh, but not at the same time as you.'



With claws four-square and true

Some opinion has it that to use such imagery as flat-caps and top hats, factories and the Houses of Parliament, rats and heraldic devices, is outdated. Despite Earnshaw's

detractors, we still live in a world of 'haves and have nots', so their value as symbols still works. In an enterprise culture that encourages the marketplace to be virtually sole arbiter of worth, these drawings acts as a 'V' sign to 'hard-core greed'. The invidious nature of monetarist bullying and acquisitiveness has become the harbinger of a new philistinism.

Patriotism wanes when Earnshaw asks, 'Is there a market for limp flags?' The fact that these drawings date from 1984-86 leads one inevitably to feel that their anti-establishment sentiments have been fed by increasingly advisory government policies. If these drawings are bleak, so is yuppie consumerism, with its simplistic notion of Self-Self-Self.

—Les Coleman

Camouflage, BP34, 78000 Hoville, Paris, 52pp Paperback, 25 francs or £3.00 Import from Compendium Bookshop, London.

★★★★

## CRITICAL LIST

### THE DIAL

Mountaintop Comics

I find Chris Reynolds' comics very strange, haunting and eccentric, awakening my curiosity about the world he presents to me. What is this feeling I get from his stories? That the worst possible thing on this planet has already happened. What is it about his characters, who each seem to be the last person on earth, moving in a motionless, timeless way from one place to another? *The Dial* is his latest and longest comic, set in the future (science fiction) but the visual rendering belongs to the Forties and Fifties black & white (noir films), with Edward Hopper as special guest. Reynolds' comics are truly original and great. —Oscar Zarate

£1.50 including post from: Fast Fiction Service, 27 Bracewell Road, London W10 6AF

★★★★

### THE SPIRAL CAGE

Renegeade Press

Born with severe Spina Bifida and a very short life expectancy, Al Davison's perseverance has enabled him to walk and even study martial arts. Yet despite this, his freedom is not complete. *The Spiral Cage* is Davison's attempt to relieve painful memories, such as persecution, unrequited love and his illness, in order to satisfy them and cast them off. It's his depth of feeling and indomitable spirit, as he pulls us through his past towards the end of the tunnel, that makes this such a powerful and heart-lifting book. —Jonathan Selzer

★★★★

### ZORRO

Eclipse Books

Not knowing what made Alex Toth special amongst a crowd of quite competent artists working in US Fifties comics is like not knowing what made Orson Welles more than just another director at RKO in 1941. Of the two though, Toth's work is far harder to track down, most of it in comics impossible to find and impossibly expensive if you could. Which is why this two-volume reprint of all Toth's Zorro stories is so valuable. Toth wasn't entirely happy with this work, since Disney Productions' highly verbal scripts made a lot of his subtle story-telling skills redundant. But the Master on auto-pilot still captivates more than many of today's pro technicians. —Trevs Phoenix

★★★★

# Falcon OF THE YARD



FAR-FAMED DETECTIVE  
FALCON AND HIS BOY  
ASSISTANT GINGER BUN,  
FIGHT TO PROTECT  
THE FREEDOMS WE  
ENJOY EVERYDAY!

THE SCOTLAND YARD OFFICE OF  
CHIEF INSPECTOR MASTIFF...



HOW ABOUT YOU,  
GINGER,  
OLD FRUIT?

NO TA, MISTER MASTIFF,  
BE WASTED ON  
ME!



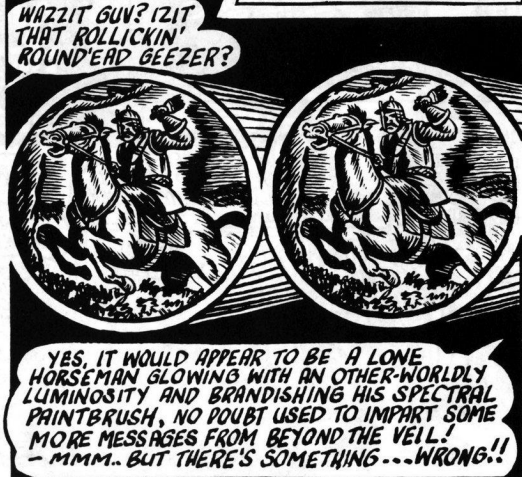
...AS AN INFANT  
GINGER WAS  
FOUND ABANDONED  
ON A BOMBSITE  
AND HAS MANAGED  
TO STAY UNTAINTED  
BY LEARNING!!

EITHER WAY,  
YOU TWO HOT-  
FOOT IT DOWN TO  
THIS GIRLS SCHOOL!!



# CAN YOU SOLVE THIS THRILLING DETECTO-MYSTERY?







THE SMALL GROUP IS JOINED BY THE FREED FOUR ETHELS...  
IN FACT, IT'S INCREASINGLY OBVIOUS TO ANYONE WITH HALF A BRAIN...



FALCON WALKS BRISKLY OFF..

EVERYBODY FOLLOW ME BACK TO THE MAIN SCHOOL BUILDINGS!



WITHIN THE SCHOOL...



FALCON!! GOOD MORNING...



DR. CROW! HA! I APPRAUD YOUR POWERS OF DETECTION, BUT EVEN SO...



THAT'S INCORRECT, FALCON. DR. CROW ALIAS TRUPI VAN DIEMEN IS AN ILLEGAL ALIEN FROM SOUTH AFRICA, THE DAUGHTER OF A BOER GENERAL



YES, BUT NOT A GARDENER, I'M CALDICOT-BROWN OF IMMIGRATION CONTROL. I'VE BEEN WORKING UNDERCOVER FOR SOME TIME... THIS WOMAN HAS BEEN USING THE ROLLICKIN' ROUNDHEAD IDENTITY TO TRY AND UNDERMINE THE POSITION OF OUR ROYAL FAMILY!



LATER... DESPICABLE! BROWN EXPLAINED TO ME THAT BY HER ACTIONS CROW HOPED TO POKON THE NATIONS MOST VITAL BLOODLINE... TOURISM!!




SIMPLE REALLY, GIRLS! DR. CROW MADE ONE CARELESS SLIP-UP; EVEN WHEN POSING AS THE ROUNDHEAD SHE COULD NOT FORGET HER INGRAINED EQUESTRIAN TRAINING.. AND THUS RODE SIDE SADDLE, SO BETRAYING HER ESSENTIAL FEMININITY... SILLY BITCH!





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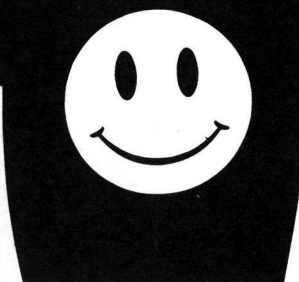
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# the Goat

IM SITTING AT THE BAR, RIGHT?  
SO IN COMES THIS GIRL I HADNT  
SEEN SINCE JUNIOR HIGH...

BECKY SNYDER WALKED RIGHT PASS  
ME AND SAT A COUPLE OF STOOLS DOWN.  
SHE LOOKED BEAT.

I DIDNT EXPECT HER  
TO REMEMBER ME BUT I  
RECOGNIZED HER FROM  
THAT BIRTHMARK ON  
HER CHEEK.

BECKY SNYDER. YEAH, SHE WAS ONE OF  
THOSE KIDS WHO CRIED IN CLASS A LOT.

SHE WAS ALWAYS IN TROUBLE EVEN IF  
SHE NEVER REALLY BOTHERED ANYONE.

KIDS CALLED HER "THE GOAT"  
SHE FLUNKED TWICE, I THINK.

LAST TIME I SAW HER WAS ONE OF THE  
MANY TIMES I WAS CALLED INTO THE  
OFFICE FOR DITCHING.

IT LOOKED LIKE THE COPS  
WERE TAKING HER AWAY.  
I NEVER KNEW WHAT THAT  
WAS ALL ABOUT.

SO THERE SHE WAS, JUST TWO STOOLS  
AWAY. WHAT THE HELL, I THOUGHT, I  
DECIDED I WAS GONNA BUY HER A  
DRINK. I DIDNT NOTICE THAT BIG  
GIRL COME INTO THE PLACE.

LIGHT  
BEER

THE BIG GIRL QUIETLY WALKS  
OVER TO SNYDER AND PROCEEDS  
TO PUMMEL THE HELL OUT OF HER.

THE BIG GIRL LEFT AS QUIETLY AS SHE  
CAME IN. BECKY JUST SAT THERE ALL BEAT  
TO HELL, RED AS A BEET, ALL EMBARRASSED  
AND KIND OF GRINNING...

THE ENTIRE JOINT  
WAS STILL AS A  
TOMB.

BECKY GOT UP AND LEFT AFTER A FEW  
MINUTES. I SAT ALONE ON MY STOOL  
LISTENING TO THE OTHERS IN THE BAR  
TRYING TO TOP EACH OTHER WITH  
THEIR OWN REACTIONS...

...AND I WAS  
JUST STANDING BACK  
HERE, AND...

...AND  
I WAS, AND  
I WAS...

# HIP PARADE

The first number tells the position of the entry this issue, the second its position last issue, the third is the number of previous issues in which the entry has appeared. The Fiddle Finger of Fate identifies entries new to the Hip Parade.

- ★ **1-1 LOS BROS** 8  
**HERNANDEZ**  
Jaime's barrio punkettes and Gilbert's Palomar magic, Fantagraphics & Titan
- ▲ **2-14 V FOR VENDETTA** 1  
Alan Moore & David Lloyd, DC
- ▼ **3-2 KRAZY KAT** 8  
Herriman's gems reprinted by Eclipse
- ▲ **4-15 MUÑOZ** 6  
& **SAMPAYO**  
Joe's Bar and Alack Sinner
- ▼ **5-4 CALVIN** 2  
& **HOBBS**  
A boy and his tiger by Bill Watterson
- ▲ **6-11 EDDIE** 6  
& **CAMPBELL**  
Deadface & Bacchus, Harrier
- ▲ **7- TINTIN** 6  
Hergé's Adventures, Methuen
- ▲ **8- VIZ** 6  
New Man-size Size
- ▲ **9- WILL EISNER** 5  
The Spirit to Life Force, Kitchen Sink
- ▲ **10-23 EDDY CURRENT** 2  
Ted McKeever, Mad Dog



AMERICA'S MADDEST CARTOONIST DON MARTIN STORMS IN AT 23

- ▼ **17-5 LUTHER** 3  
**ARKWRIGHT**  
Bryan Talbot, Valkyrie Press
- ▲ **18-22 HELLBLAZER** 2  
Delano & Piers Rayner, DC
- ▲ **19- WINSOR MCCAY** 4  
Little Nemo in Slumberland
- ▼ **20-3 BRIAN** 2  
**BOLLAND**  
Killing Joke, DC & Titan and Mr Mamoulain, Escape
- ▲ **21- JULES FEIFFER** 7  
Cartoon Satirist
- ▼ **22-7 MARSHAL LAW** 3  
Pat Mills & Kevin O'Neill, Epic
- ▲ **23- DON MARTIN** 7  
MAD man now in CRACKED
- ▲ **24- CONCRETE** 1  
Paul Chadwick, Dark Horse
- ▲ **25-30 AKIRA** 1  
Katsuhiro Otomo, Epic
- ▼ **26-16 CHESTER** 2  
**BROWN**  
Yummy Fur, Vortex
- ▲ **27- SERGE CLERC** 1  
Fab Phil Perfect, Humanoids and Escape
- ▼ **28-27 VIOLENT CASES** 2  
Neil Gaiman & Dave McKean, Escape
- ▲ **29- THE PRISONER** 7  
TV series and DC comic
- ▲ **30- LORENZO** 7  
**MATTOTTI**  
Fires, Catalan



- ▲ **11-13 GLENN DAKIN** 7  
Paris Man of Plaster and Sinister Romance, Harrier
- ▲ **12- SILENT INVASION** 7  
Larry Hancock & Michael Cherkas, NBM
- ▲ **13- JOOST SWARTE** 7  
Dutch Designer and Cartoonist, Raw and Escape
- ▲ **14-29 MOEBIUS** 5  
Jodorowski's Incal and Lee's Silver Surfer
- ▲ **15- RUBY CRUMB** 6  
Zap! to Hup!
- ▲ **16- CEREBUS** 1  
Dave Sim, Aardvark



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## ARE YOU A WINNER?

We've plucked out of our bulging postbag five SKP nuts who will be in Hernandez Heaven, now that they've won Jaime & Gilbert's latest graphic novels, **MECHANICS** and **DUCK FEET**. The winners are: Duncan Lee, Rainford; Garrett Julian, Sandiacre; C. McAllister, Glasgow; Tim Webber, London; and Steve Wood, Bristol. And the two additional first prizes of a **LOVE & ROCKETS SKETCHBOOK** and a **1989 LOVE & ROCKETS CALENDAR** go to: Gareth Julian!

## BEST IN ISSUE

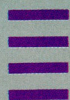
Here are the top five favourite strips from last issue. Voted for by ESCAPE readers. Be sure and tell us which strips in this issue you like the most.

- |                             |                |
|-----------------------------|----------------|
| 1 Johnny Rockets            | Jamie Hewlett  |
| 2 A Matter of Life or Death | Serge Clerc    |
| 3 Atomtan                   | Philip Bond    |
| 4 Mr Mamoulain              | Brian Bolland  |
| 5 Yummy Trouble             | Julie Hollings |

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